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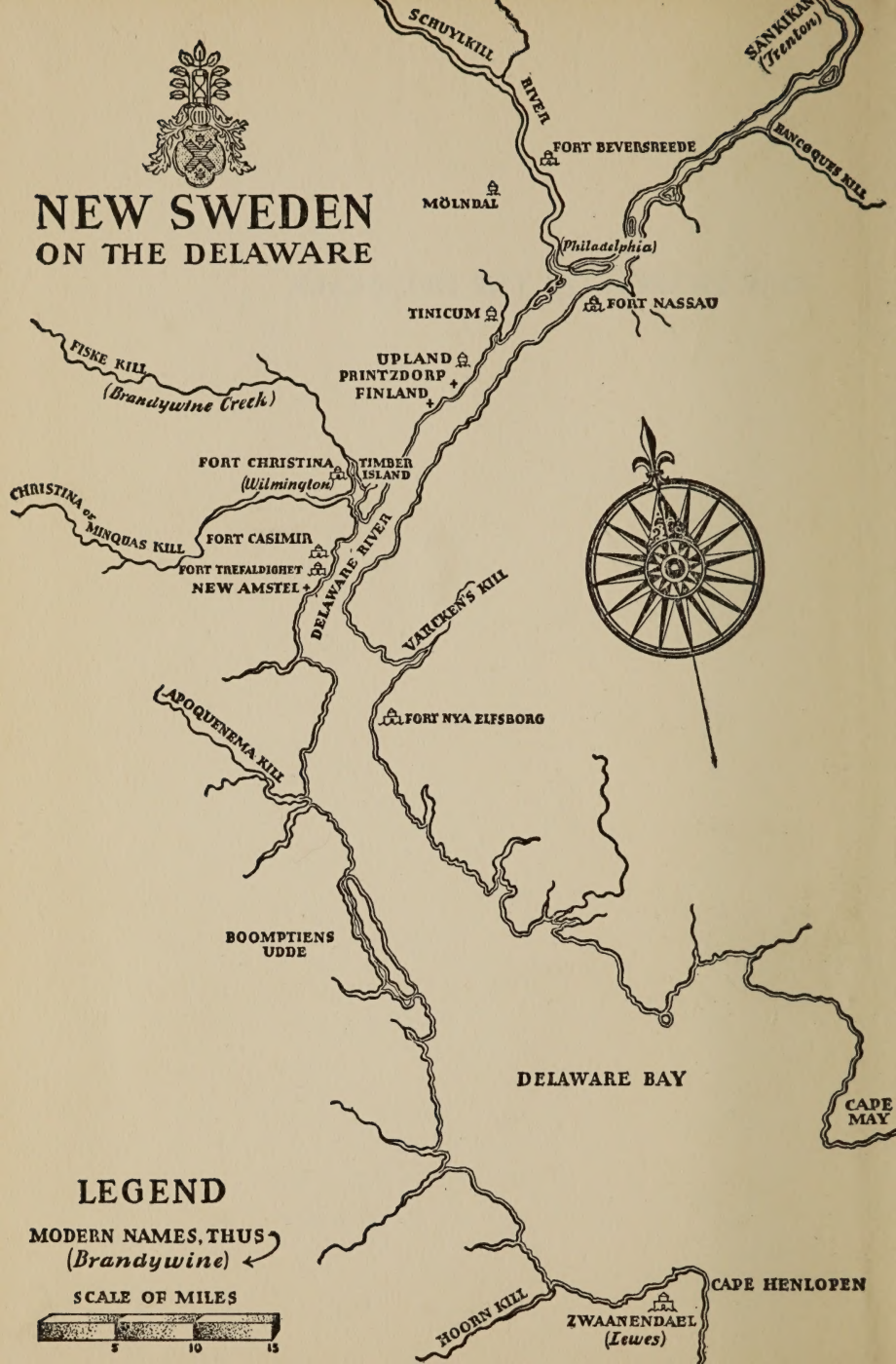




NEW SWEDEN ON THE DELAWARE



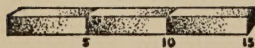
# NEW SWEDEN ON THE DELAWARE



## LEGEND

MODERN NAMES, THUS  
(Brandywine) ←

SCALE OF MILES



c.

# New Sweden

ON THE DELAWARE

*By Christopher Ward*

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS

Philadelphia

1938

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## PREFACE

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**T**he stories of the early settlements of the English in New England, of the Dutch in New York and of the English in Maryland and Virginia have been told again and again. But, between these more northern and more southern lands, there lies a great territory stretching along both shores of Delaware River and Bay, whose earliest history has been neglected.

In the common estimation of the general reader, the beginnings of civilization in this middle region are credited to William Penn and his English Quakers. Yet, for nearly fifty years before Penn came, there had been white men settled along the River's shores. When he came, he found farms, towns, forts, churches, schools, courts of law already in being in his newly acquired possessions. Small credit has been given to those who laid these foundations, the Swedes and the Dutch, whom the English superseded.

The names of Winthrop, Stuyvesant, Calvert, and Berkeley are familiar to many. Who knows the name of Johan Printz, the Swedish governor, who for ten years pioneered in this wilderness? Yet, in picturesqueness of personality, in force of character, in administrative ability, and in actual accomplishment, within the limits of the resources granted him, Printz is the fit companion of these other so widely acclaimed men.

This book tells this story in so far as the first settlement, by the Swedes in 1638, and their colony of New Sweden are concerned. The full story of both this first colony and its Dutch successor has been told in *The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware, 1609-64*, by the same author, published

by University of Pennsylvania Press in 1930, from which the substance of this book, with certain alterations, has been taken and in which may be found a table of "Principal Authorities," the sources drawn upon in its composition.

It is published now with particular reference to the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the first Swedish settlement to be held in Wilmington, Delaware, the site of the settlement, on June 27, 1938.

C. W.

*January 10, 1938*



# CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
1. The Swedes and the Great Gustavus	1
2. A Prospectus and a Ropewalk	9
3. Two Swedes, and Three Dutchmen	15
4. A Landfall and a Little Fort	19
5. Primeval Forests and Neolithic Men	23
6. Difficulties and Discouragements	34
7. Welcome Dutchmen and Unwelcome Englishmen	37
8. The Forest-Destroying Finns	43
9. Printz, the Big Swede	47
10. Printz as Empire-BUILDER	51
11. Printz as Jurist	56
12. Printz as Diplomat	61
13. Printz as a Man of Action	65
14. Printz and Stuyvesant	68
15. A Homesick Handful	72
16. The <i>Katt's</i> Catastrophe	74
17. New Sweden at Its Zenith	77
18. The Coming of the Dutch and the Building of Casimir	81
19. Disappointment and Discord	86
20. The Character of a Governor	91

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
21. The Character of a Queen	95
22. The Voyage of a Plague Ship	99
23. An Argument and Remonstrance	104
24. The Sweeping of a New Broom	107
25. The Gathering of the Storm	114
26. The Taking of Trefaldighet	117
27. The Capture of Christina	123
28. The Last of the Swedish Governors	130
29. The Results	133
30. Log Cabins and Wooden Spoons	137
31. Preaching and Preachers	141
32. The Departure of the Swedes	146
33. The Reasons Why	149
Index	155

# I: OF THE SWEDES AND THE GREAT GUSTAVUS

**T**he history of the Delaware during its domination by the Swedes, taken by itself, is but the chronicle of the simple affairs of a few simple people, scattered infrequently along the River shore in meagre settlements and straggling villages. It derives its importance from its consequences. For its interest one must rely upon the drama always inherent in the play of personality among even the simplest folk, whose characters and motives are disclosed by their acts. Though only a scanty handful of these actors can be reconstructed today from the surviving records of the time, a few players on a narrow stage, their performance displays human nature in all its variety and in an epitome the more sharply focused because of their fewness. It presents the tragi-comedy of mankind in a nutshell.

In contrast with the simplicity of their little play, the narrowness of their stage, a thin strip of rivershore fringing a vast primeval forest, in colorful vivid contrast is the mighty pageant, the overwhelming drama of seventeenth-century Europe, their birthplace and their spiritual home. The nature of these people, the causes of their coming, the reasons for their successes and failures, can be clearly understood only by a student of the antecedent and contemporary history of their native lands. Even faintly to shadow them on the screen of this narrative, one must throw on them the dim light of a brief reference to that history.

\* \* \* \* \*



The territory of Sweden in the first half of the seventeenth century was perhaps twice as extensive as now. It included all of modern Sweden, also Finland, Esthonia and Ingria. It thus held all the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia and the Gulf of Finland, one side of the Baltic Sea and nearly half of the other. Its natural wealth lay in its metals, chiefly copper and iron, and in its vast forests. Its industries of manufacture and its organized commerce were relatively unimportant and far behind those of England and the Netherlands.

With all its extent of seacoast and all the natural materials for their construction at hand, wood, iron, pitch and hemp, the Swedes built few ships, nor were they noteworthy as seamen. It will be seen that in their efforts at colonization they relied largely on the Dutch for ships and sailors.

The population of Sweden was scanty in proportion to its area, perhaps a million in all, of whom about one-eighth were city dwellers. There was a sharp class distinction between the nobility and the burghers and peasants, with no substantial middle class to bridge the gap. The body and strength of the nation was in its peasantry, who were engaged in the mines and forests and in the tillage of an ungenerous soil. They were not serfs. They were freemen, a hardy folk, these peasants, inured to labor, active, intensely patriotic, deeply and sincerely religious, extremely superstitious and generally ignorant and illiterate. But they were skilled in many homely arts and crafts. They made their own wagons, sleds, ploughs, harrows and lesser farming tools, their own household furniture, their own wooden cups, spoons and platters. Shoes they fabricated out of leather, birchbark or wood. The women wove cloth and made it into clothing, knitted stockings and were competent in all household industries. From this class, including both Swedes

and Finns, most of the early settlers on the Delaware were drawn.

The law of the country was a conglomerate of old Swedish law, derived from the West Gothic and East Gothic codes, affected somewhat by the Roman law and supplemented by the "law of Moses." The language was simply a collection of dialects, with no standards of authority to govern it. There was practically no written literature, except sermons, hymns and sacred poems, and no practice of the liberal arts. Their folk-songs and folk-lore, including the sagas, were transmitted orally from generation to generation.

A drab picture this, promising little in the way of national importance, not to say glory, yet this little kingdom throughout the seventeenth century was one of the chief European military powers and for twenty years in the first half of that century held the eyes of the world fascinated by a career of military achievement almost unparalleled in modern history. Sweden was the most admired, the most feared and the most courted single power in Europe, in an age when most of that continent was an armed camp or a bloody battle-field. This pre-eminence it owed to one great captain. The history of Sweden from 1611 to 1632 is the story of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although Gustavus Adolphus fell in battle six years before the first Swedish expedition to the Delaware and had done little more than countenance the efforts that before his death were making toward that end, it is certain that, but for his pushing Sweden into the outstanding position she then occupied, the project of colonization in America would never have been even mooted. In this sense he was responsible for the intrusion of Sweden into the New

World and must therefore have at least a brief notice here.

On the death of his father in 1611 Gustavus Adolphus came to the throne, a boy of seventeen, to find Sweden a small and unconsidered country, its people financially distressed, its treasury depleted, actually at war with Denmark, Russia and Poland. His first act and one of his wisest was to make Axel Oxenstierna, a young man of twenty-eight, his prime minister. Throughout his reign these two worked together for Sweden's welfare and glory, and Oxenstierna carried on the work for twenty-two years after Gustavus's death.

Leaving Poland and Russia, whose military activities against Sweden were temporarily dormant, to await his convenience, the young king struck sharply at Denmark, and, though he was not successful at every point, he harassed the Danes to such an extent that they were glad to make peace after little more than a year's fighting. Within two years he marched his army into Russia, and two years after that Russia sued for peace, ceded to Sweden the provinces of Ingria and Carelia, with half a dozen fortresses, and paid a heavy indemnity. He then attacked the Poles in their province of Livonia, besieged and captured Riga and occupied the province of Courland. The truce of 1622 gave him all Livonia and part of Courland. Then came his truly marvelous, though brief, career in the Thirty Years' War.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the beginning of the seventeenth century nine-tenths of the people of the northern part of Germany were Protestants, but their rulers were Catholics, bent on suppression of the reformed religion. There was oppression, there were uprisings savagely repressed, and at last in 1618 open rebellion in Bohemia. King Ferdinand, a scion of the



House of Hapsburg and cousin of the Emperor of Germany, was deposed. Thus began the war, a contest marked by frightful atrocities, embroiling all Europe, devastating Germany and setting back the clock of civilization in middle Europe a hundred years.

For twelve years Gustavus, though much solicited to aid the Protestant cause, held aloof. He had his hands full, not only with Sweden's own wars (that with Poland having broken out afresh in 1625), but also with the rebuilding of Sweden's internal governmental and financial structure. At last, in 1629, another truce with Poland was effected, Sweden retaining Livonia and gaining certain other Polish territory.

He had now reached the mature age of thirty-five. He had fought six campaigns against Poland, two against Denmark and Russia. He had reconditioned the internal affairs of his country, so that it could stand the tremendous strains of these prolonged conflicts. He had built up an army that had no superior in Europe in all its arms, infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers. His troops were swift on the march, bold in attack, equally steady in victory and defeat and disciplined beyond comparison with all others of that time. He had learned all that the classic masters of the art of war had to teach, and had developed his own art to meet the changed conditions imposed by gunpowder, a development so marked in its departure from ancient methods and so successful that he is called the Father of Modern Warfare.

\* \* \* \* \*

By the year 1630 the forces of the Emperor had overrun almost the entire territory bounded by the Rhine and the Oder, the Alps and the Baltic. The Protestant cause was at its lowest ebb. Then it was that Gustavus asked his coun-

try to throw itself into the war. The answer of the Swedes was full-throated and unanimous. Thus Gustavus became the champion of a cause already so wrecked that the bravest and strongest might have been excused for shirking entrance to the quarrel in its favor.

He had no allies worthy of the name. The other Protestant countries, Denmark, Holland, England, were either neutral or merely lukewarm in their friendship. France offered money, but no men. The German Protestant principalities were overawed by the Emperor's victories and at odds among themselves. Little Sweden stood forth, a David against a rich, powerful and victorious alliance. But Gustavus was the greatest captain of his age. In that one fact was the answer to all the problems, the justification of the attempt, the promise of success.

At the head of thirteen thousand men, he landed in Germany in 1630, to match his strength against the Emperor's one hundred and sixty thousand, of whom one hundred thousand were in the field under Tilly and Wallenstein. He occupied Stettin and cleared Pomerania of the imperial forces. Reinforcements raised his forces to forty thousand. He overran Mecklenburg and reinstated the Protestant dukes. Then the Elector of Saxony took heart and joined his troops with the Swedes.

At Breitenfeld, with twenty thousand Swedes and sixteen thousand Saxons under his command, he attacked the great Tilly, whose army was about equal in number. Within three hours the Saxons, composing Gustavus's entire left wing and almost half of his army, were in full flight, the Elector leading them. In four hours more Tilly's army was an army no longer, seven thousand were dead, six thousand captured, the rest had fled in every direction. Gustavus's genius, exercised in a moment of extreme peril, had maneuvered his army in such fashion as to snatch it

from the jaws of defeat and give it a victory as complete as it was astounding. This was the first great battle of the modern era of war. Also it marked the turning point in that long drawn out conflict. The morale of his antagonists was shattered. Allies flocked to him. He was the hero of Protestant Europe.

Now he pushed straight on into Germany, taking city after city. He mastered the whole country from the Elbe to the Rhine, a space of a hundred leagues, full of fortified towns. Meeting a new advance of Tilly, he forced a passage across the river Lech in the face of a foe drawn up on the opposite bank in an apparently impregnable position, the first time such a feat had been accomplished in modern warfare. He drove Tilly back and pursued him into Bavaria, never pausing until Tilly died of his wounds in Ingolstadt. Augsburg, Ulm, Munich succumbed to his attacks. He fought Wallenstein at Lützen in 1632 and defeated him. After the battle he was found dead on the field, having been struck down while leading his cavalry. So ended the career of Gustavus Adolphus on the field of honor.

\* \* \* \* \*

In person Gustavus was tall, broad shouldered, of powerful frame. His hair and beard were yellow, his eyes light blue, very expressive and luminous. His forehead was high, his features strongly marked, especially his Roman nose. He excelled in horsemanship and all manly exercises. He was courageous to the extent of ignoring danger. He fought at the head of his troops, instead of directing them from the rear, and he rejoiced in battle as has no other great captain since Alexander.

His intellect was remarkably broad and vigorous and his learning, in language and *belles lettres* as well as in the

sciences, was comprehensive. His piety was deep and sincere.

In disposition he was kindly, generous and humane. A stern disciplinarian, his rule made not only for efficiency in his men, but for mercy to the unfortunate people through whose countries he fought. In an age when the most hideous atrocity, the most dreadful savagery, the most unbridled license were regarded as the natural consequence of victory, the Swedish army stood without peer in its humanity to the conquered, in its respect for the life and property of the noncombatant.

His work as a statesman, in the development of his country's institutions, the advancement of learning, the upbuilding of industry and extension of commerce, was noteworthy, but on his martial leadership and his contributions to the art of war his fame must chiefly rest. No material advance in that art had been made since the time of Julius Caesar. Gustavus was indeed the Father of Modern Warfare and his name ranks in military annals with the five other great captains, Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Frederick and Napoleon.

## 2: OF A PROSPECTUS AND A ROPEWALK

**B**efore the days of Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden had not been an overseas trading country. She did sell timber, copper, iron and grain, she did buy cloth, leather, salt and various articles of luxury. Trade in that limited sense was carried on, but chiefly in foreign ships and in foreign markets. There was no mercantile activity in Sweden such as that which made Holland's ports great market places. But the spirit of organized commercial adventure was spreading over all western Europe. The vast riches that Spain had garnered in America, Portugal's profitable traffic with the East, England's increasing participation in foreign trade, Holland's enrichment through her enlarged mercantile activities, all these were bound to stir the less adventurous, less commercially minded northern nations to emulation. The fever spread from one to the next. At last even Sweden was infected.

Communal companies were organized, general trading companies, companies to monopolize the copper trade, to export iron, to exploit the commerce of Finland and Livonia, to traffic with Russia and England. It will be seen that none of these involved the exercise of much imagination, commonplace homely projects they were, all of them. But in 1632 a more romantic enterprise was mooted, a project for the transport of silks and spices overland from Persia. Visions of camels and caravans danced in the heads of staid Swedish merchants for a while, but it all came to nought. That sort of thing was not natural to Sweden, and Sweden was slow to learn new tricks. Even the copper trading companies, the



iron trading companies and others that had been attempted were failures for one reason or another, all the reasons being basically one, Sweden's commercial ineptitude. But, fail though they did, they ploughed the ground and harrowed it for the seed that was to grow and blossom in Sweden's first overseas colony. That seed was sown by a Dutchman, Willem Usselinx.

Usselinx was a Belgian by birth, but for long, as a great merchant in Amsterdam, his eyes had looked toward the west and his imagination had played with far-flung projects. Long ago he had planned a Dutch West India Company, but failed to find sufficient support to carry out his plans. In 1604 he renewed his effort and, for a time, seemed likely to succeed. The States-General of the Netherlands had approved his plan, but the troubled internal affairs of that country so distracted the attention of the government that nothing was done.

In 1609, however, Henry Hudson discovered Delaware Bay and the Hudson River. On his return to Holland, whence his expedition had been sent out, he reported a land rich in furs and meet for trade and colonization. The interest of the Dutch merchants was aroused and Usselinx hopefully renewed his fight for a charter and financial support. But again there were political obstacles to be overcome. The more powerful of the two parties opposed his scheme and Usselinx could make no headway against it. Private persons did send out a few ships, on Manhattan Island a trading post was established, but no governmental support was yet afforded and in what was done Usselinx had no part. Even when in 1620 the Dutch West India Company at last became a reality, it declined to recognize any obligation to its original promoter.

He appealed to Prince Maurice, who passed him on to the States-General with a letter commending his great and use-

ful services, declaring that he deserved to be properly rewarded and asking their High Mightinesses to satisfy his just claim. The States-General passed him back to the Company, with a letter praising his zeal and affection for the Company's welfare, recommending that his claim be examined and considered favorably. Usselinx gave it up.

Broken in fortune, disappointed in his just expectations, he was not yet, even at the age of fifty-four, a defeated man. With the same courage that had carried him through all those years of striving to realize his dream, he resolved, as he said, not to trouble himself any more about the Company but to try his luck elsewhere. He looked about for fresh fields.

The brilliant campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus in Russia and Poland had focused the eyes of all Europe on Sweden, that parvenu among the powers. There was now a lull in the fighting, a truce with Polish Sigismund having been signed. Gustavus was at home, setting his house in order. The strain of the wars was felt in the heavy taxes. Sweden needed more sources of wealth, and Usselinx was the man to tap them for her. He went to Sweden.

Gustavus gave him an audience that lasted for six hours, approved his project and commissioned him to establish a "General Trading Company for Asia, Africa, America and Magellanica," thereafter more handily called "The South Company." Its charter gave it a monopoly of trading rights almost as wide as the world. Incidental purposes were colonization and spreading the Gospel among uncivilized peoples. To compensate Usselinx, he was to have a tenth of one per cent on all goods bought and sold.

The prospectus of the company was a most alluring document. It presented dazzling possibilities as practical certainties. There was Spain, the Midas of nations, see what dividends it had drawn from similar enterprises. "It is well-

nigh incredible," truly said the prospectus, "what immense treasures, wealth and profits have accrued for the past hundred and thirty years, and are still accruing, to the Spanish nation, from Africa, Asia and America, so vast that the receipts from America alone yearly amount to 20,000,000 riksdaler, or 30,000,000 Swedish dollars, for the most part clear gain, both for the king and for his subjects, comprising gold, silver, quicksilver, pearls, emeralds, amber, cochineal, indigo, skins, sugar, tobacco, all kinds of spices, gum and valuable woods, not including some millions of ducats, which (besides other outlay) the said king bestows upon his servants as wages, upon governors of provinces, bishops, prebendaries, president and lords of council, and many other offices, of which some are worth annually 5,000 or 6,000, 8,000 or 10,000, and several 100,000 riksdaler." And then, to invest it with the odor of sanctity, there were the Christian missions to be established among natives "heretofore living in abominable heathenish idolatry and all manner of ungodliness."

What a picture! All conceivable luxuries and elegances coming in shiploads to Sweden, poor pinched frost-bitten Sweden, gold, pearls, sugar and spices—millions of riksdaler to be distributed in lavish largesse among the stockholders by an open-handed monarch swamped with riksdalers and ducats, money for all, offices for all, worth 5,000 riksdalers for the very lowest grade, with capital prizes of 100,000 for the bishops, no doubt, and the prebendaries, who would supervise the salvation of the savages. All that from America alone, with Asia, Africa and Magellanica as factors of safety. What a picture!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then began the campaign for capital. Usselinx and other agents of the company, flaunting the prospectus, traveled

all over the kingdom, in the country and in the cities, "soliciting subscriptions from the rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, villagers and farmers." The King must have been convinced, for he subscribed four hundred and fifty thousand dalers, the bishops and clergy a hundred thousand, the prime minister Oxenstierna, other high officials, the officers of the army, all sorts of people of affluence or high position signed on the dotted line. Incredible as it may seem, when they added up the figures, they found the total was less than enough. The project showed signs of withering.

Undaunted, Usselinx redoubled his efforts. He combed the kingdom all over again. In every town, every village he spread his net. Nobody in all Sweden, who had one riksdaler to rub against another, lacked an opportunity to turn the two into four, six, eight. But still the total was insufficient. Unimaginative Sweden!

Worse than that, there was a sad disproportion between the amounts promised and the sums paid. The King was off to the wars again, his obligation overlooked. Usselinx followed him into Prussia, asked him to pay his first instalment, came back without it. The other subscribers followed the royal example. The company's bank book was mostly blank pages.

But they had to do something for the stockholders. Asia, Africa, America and Magellanica, the gold and pearls and the heathen, might have to wait, but something must be done, so they started a glass factory. Then they established a ropewalk and a linen mill. Usselinx was discouraged, but not yet defeated. He went for the King again, and the King went for the others, ordered them to pay their first instalments. But they did not, nor did the King.

The company almost sent a ship to Africa, very nearly sent one to the West Indies, but not quite. The glass factory went out of business. The workmen sued Usselinx for

their wages and put him in jail. At last it was plain even to this most optimistic man that he was trying to revive a corpse. Poor Usselinx! with eight years more added to the thirty years of futile effort, his grand project for commerce, colonization and Christianizing savages in Asia, Africa, America and Magellanica had raveled out into a bankrupt glass factory and a ropewalk. He left Sweden.

In Holland he made one last effort to collect his dues from the Dutch company and failed. Then what? Confession of defeat? The relaxed hands and vacant eyes of the beaten old man sitting in the sun on a park bench? No, not for Willem. He was off again, to Germany this time to tell the Germans about the wonderful possibilities of trade, colonization and missionary work in Asia, Africa, America and Magellanica. The Germans were cold. Again Holland was solicited, with no better results. Then he enlarged his plan, proposed an international company, its subscribers all nations, its field the world.

Meanwhile the South Company had been merged with another, The Ship Company, under the name, United South Ship Company, which owned a certain ship of which more will be heard, the *Kalmar Nyckel*. After that there was a New South Company with Usselinx, back again in Sweden, as general director. That faded out. He tried France, England, the Hanse Towns. Nothing could stop him but all-devouring Time. At the age of seventy-six he surrendered, settled down in Holland to live four years more.

Usselinx had failed. No doubt that was the verdict of his contemporaries. No doubt many a thrifty stay-at-home neighbor of the old man, during those last four years, held up, as a warning to ambitious youth, this poor deluded greybeard, whose grand ideas had ruined him. Grand ideas are dangerous things. They will run away with a man, impoverish him, wear him out body and soul. They feed on



the brains of the men who engender them, and often and often they kill their begetters, yet, being themselves immortal, they immortalize their victims. The names of Usse-  
linx's canny neighbors are long since forgotten, his name has survived three hundred years.

### 3: OF TWO SWEDES, AND THREE DUTCHMEN

Usselinx's idea had taken root in the minds of others, Klas Fleming's for one. Klas Larsson Fleming was one of Sweden's strongest men. He held many important offices in its government, and in all of them showed fine ability as well as great energy. He was the reorganizer and upbuilder of the Swedish navy. When the College of Commerce, a department of the government to foster trade, was organized in 1637 he was made its president. He had been interested in those various trading companies, the South, the South Ship and the rest. He had seen them fail, but he never lost faith in the idea they had been unable to realize.

Another was Axel Gustafsson Oxenstierna, Gustavus Adolphus's prime minister. When Gustavus fell at Lützen in 1632, his daughter and successor, Christina, was but six years old. Oxenstierna as head of the commission of five holding the regency became the virtual ruler of Sweden. His power lasted until after Christina was crowned at the age of eighteen. Then her jealousy of him drove him into retirement. He was

beyond all comparison the greatest statesman Sweden had produced, as honest as he was sagacious, as patriotic as he was powerful. He reorganized the government to bear the burden of the great war in which it was engaged. He inspired the leaders of the Protestant cause to fresh and finally successful efforts. His military genius enabled him to plan the campaigns in which Sweden's army led its allies. Richelieu said that he was "an inexhaustible source of well-matured counsels." Cromwell called him "the great man of the continent."

In the minds of these two men the seed sown by poor old thwarted Usselinx germinated, took root and came to fruition, but though one Dutchman had planted them, two or three others were needed to water them.

Samuel Blommaert, Patroon Blommaert of Zwaanendael, was one of these. There had been talk of a new company, a copper company, to organize Sweden's trade in one of its most important products. Blommaert knew all about the copper trade in foreign lands, Guinea, for example. He was, it is true, a director of the Dutch West India Company, with which the new company must compete, but he was "disgusted" with it, as he said, and as willing as Usselinx had been to help the Swedes.

Peter Spiring Silfverkrona—born Spiring in Holland, ennobled as Silfverkrona in Sweden—was another. He was the son of a rich Dutch merchant, engaged in business in Sweden. He was in this new project from the start. Oxenstierna consulted them both. Plans were discussed for the trade in Guinea. Africa seemed about to meet Sweden, when another Dutchman intervened.

He was not a born Dutchman, this new man, Peter Minuit. He was born of Huguenot parents at Wesel on the Rhine. French by descent, German by birth, but Dutch by

adoption. He had come to Holland in 1625, had been employed by the Dutch West India Company and had served it well. He had bought Manhattan from the Indians, built Fort Amsterdam and been director of the colony for six years. During this time quarrels had arisen between the Company and its progeny, the Patroons. The Company seemed to believe that Minuit was partial to the Patroons. He was recalled. So here was another man "disgusted" with the Company and ready for other service. He renewed his old acquaintance with Blommaert.

There now were three Dutchmen planning Sweden's entrance into world commerce, and two of them knew all about the Dutch Company's American territory, knew all about that great South River country, unsettled, even unguarded by the Dutch. They told Spiring about it and Oxenstierna and Fleming. Spiring liked the African project, but Blommaert had been won over from his original plan by Minuit, who talked only two things, furs and a colony, a New Sweden in that far-off land of great possibilities. Sweden is a cold country. "Furs" sounded well in the ears of the Swedes. "New Sweden" must have appealed to the statesman in Oxenstierna and Fleming. The plan of Minuit and Blommaert won the day.

\* \* \* \* \*

The New Sweden Company was organized, with a proposed capital of thirty-six thousand florins, about eighteen thousand dollars. Blommaert and his friends subscribed one half, Fleming, Spiring and the Oxenstierna family the other. It was given exclusive right to trade on the Delaware for twenty years. Fleming was made director of the Company. Blommaert was commissioned to buy merchandise in Holland for trade with the Indians, and Minuit was appointed

chief of the first expedition. The company's organization was completed in February 1637, but the preparations for the voyage took a long time.

Two vessels were provided, one a ship, the *Kalmar Nyckel*—Key of Kalmar—named after a fortress guarding the harbor of the city of Kalmar, and the other a yacht, the *Vogel Grip*—Bird Griffin—both belonging to the old United South Ship Company. But then there was difficulty about sailors. They were infrequent in Sweden, so about half of the crews were hired in Holland. The government supplied thirty muskets and a ton and a half of powder, also twenty-three soldiers, under Captain Måns Nilsson Kling. Jan Hindrickson van de Waeter, a Dutchman, was skipper of the *Kalmar Nyckel*, and Michel Symonssen, another Dutchman, first mate. Andrian Joransen commanded the *Vogel Grip*. Hendrick Huygen, also a Dutchman, was appointed commissioner for the new colony.

It was September before the ships arrived at Gothenburg to take on their cargo of duffels, axes, knives, tobacco-pipes, mirrors, gilded chains and rings and other gewgaws that were to be traded for furs, besides the equipment and supplies for the expedition. It was November before they sailed. They were separated in the North Sea by storms. The *Kalmar Nyckel* put in at the Texel in December, leaking and lacking a mast. The *Vogel Grip* appeared soon after in a similar condition. December thirty-first they set sail again. It was the middle of March 1638 when they sailed up the Delaware.

## 4: OF A LANDFALL AND A LITTLE FORT

Spring comes early to southern Delaware. To this band of pioneers, crowded in these two little vessels for more than three months of a winter on the north Atlantic, the sweet odors of Spring from the wooded shores and the sight of vernal greenery were too seductive. They could not wait until they reached their appointed landing. They made their first landfall at a point near the mouth of Mispillion Creek for relaxation and refreshment. "The land was so grateful and agreeable to them," that they named it Paradise Point.

Minquas Kill, now Christina River, was the destination fixed by their instructions. About two miles up the Kill, at the site of the city of Wilmington, where the ridge of the watershed dividing the valleys of the Christina and the Brandywine, pushing out a nose of rocks, makes a natural landing place, they anchored. As an act of ceremony, signaling their intent to take possession of the land, they fired a "Swedish salute," two guns. The little sloop, which they had brought along, was made ready, and Minuit with some of his men set out for further exploration. They sailed up the Kill several miles, landed and went back some distance into the country, "but neither found nor observed any sign or vestige of Christian people." So far, so good, the country seemed unoccupied.

Indians soon appeared on the shore near the ship, and the ceremony of purchasing land from the Indians was under way aboard the *Kalmar Nyckel*. The sachems, Mattahorn, Mitatsimint, Elupacken, Mahomen and Chiton were the ven-



dors. The New Sweden Company "under the protection and patronage of the most illustrious and most mighty [eleven-year-old] Princess and Virgin, Christina, elected Queen of the Swedes, Goths and Wends," was the vendee. So much is fairly certain. But just how much land was sold and bought is a little in doubt.

Four of the crew of the *Kalmar Nyckel*, on their return to Sweden, made affidavit that the sachems sold "all the land, as many days' journeys on all places and parts of the river [Minquas] as they [the Swedes] requested." The description seems a bit vague. Other evidence seems to show that Mitatsimint sold them the land from Minquas Kill down to Boomptiens Udde, that is Bombay Hook, and the other sachems the land from the Minquas Kill to the Schuylkill. The western boundary, as usual, was about where the sun sets. So much for the claims of the Swedes. What of the Indians?

Well, the Indians were more conservative in their estimate of the purchase. In 1651 Mattahorn asserted that Minuit bought at this time only as much land "as he could set a house on and a plantation included between six trees," for which he gave "a kettle and other trifles" and a promise of half of the tobacco to be grown thereon, and moreover, that he never gave the sachem any of the tobacco. But, as this statement was made to the Dutch, who were disputing the Swedes' claim, it may be only evidence of Mattahorn's amiability.

However the transaction may have been understood, or misunderstood, by the parties to it, the Swedes certainly for a long time held possession of the land they claimed, which is, after all, the essence of ownership.

When the business, whatever it amounted to, was completed on shipboard they all went ashore, planted a post with the arms of Sweden on it and fired a salute. Minquas Kill was

formally named Elbe, which name was, on second thought, changed to Christina Kill.

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Further explorations were undertaken. The sloop went up the Delaware to the Schuylkill to spy out the Dutch settlements, if any there should be, and to establish trading relations with the Minquas Indians. The most traveled trail to the Minquas country, whence came the most of the furs, lay along the south bank of the Schuylkill. At its mouth was the general market place. Fort Nassau, across the Delaware, was the nearest Dutch trading post. It had been abandoned some time before, but since rebuilt and was now garrisoned by the Dutch.

The sloop passed it without being observed, but on its return was discovered. On a second trip the sloop was halted by the Dutch demanding its passport. Minit declined to show his papers, claiming, merely, as much right there as anybody else. But the Dutch disputed his passage, and he went that way no more.

At the Rocks where they had landed they chose a site for a fort. It was then the tip of a narrow ridge of fast land, extending to the Minquas Kill and flanked on both sides by wide marshes which were under water at full tide. Thus it was a suitable site for a defensive fortification with the Rocks as a natural wharf, accessible from a moored ship by means of a movable "bridge" or gangplank. The fort was built of palisades and earth in the form of a square, with acute-angled bastions projecting diagonally at the four corners, in three of which cannon were placed. Within the square were two log houses for the garrison and its supplies. Its position gave it no value for control of the great River.

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Meanwhile the *Vogel Grip* had been sent to Jamestown in Virginia to trade for tobacco, and now the English first heard of the Swedish pretensions to a place on the Delaware. Their response was prompt. Governor Berkeley refused them permission to trade. Were they not lawless intruders in the territory of his majesty, the King of England, who certainly owned all America or, at the very least, from Cape Fear to the Bay of Fundy and west to the Pacific? They came back without the tobacco.

Nor was this the only notice to quit that was served on them. Dutch Governor Kieft in New Amsterdam heard of them from his men at Fort Nassau. Straightway came from him a letter by the hand of Jan Jansen van Ilpendam, commissary at Fort Nassau, "Willem Kieft, Director-General . . . make known to you, Peter Minuit, who style yourself commander . . . that the whole South River of New Netherland has been many years in our possession, and secured by us above and below with forts and sealed with our blood,"—to wit, the blood of the martyrs of Zwaanendael—and so on. "Therefore, in case you proceed with the erection of fortifications and cultivation of the soil and trade in peltries or in any wise attempt to do us injury, we do hereby protest against all damages, expenses and losses, together with all mishaps, bloodsheds and disturbances, which may arise in future time therefrom and that we shall maintain our jurisdiction in such manner as we shall deem most expedient." Having relieved himself by this fulmination and washed his hands of prospective bloodshed, Kieft proceeded to maintain his jurisdiction by doing what he deemed most expedient, which was just exactly nothing at all. Minuit went on building Fort Christina and trading for peltries.

The prospect of trade drew a few Indians to the fort, but the traffic was light. The principal market was always above, at the Schuylkill. The Swedes cleared some ground and

planted it with barley, maize and wheat. They laid up a store of fish and venison, turkeys and geese for the winter, and in June Minuit sailed for Holland in the *Kalmar Nyckel*. That was the last of Peter Minuit so far as New Sweden was concerned. His ship having put in at St. Kitts to trade for tobacco, he was invited aboard a Dutch sloop lying there. A sudden storm drove the sloop out of the harbor and it was never seen again. The *Kalmar Nyckel* returned to Sweden without Minuit.

The *Vogel Grip* had left Fort Christina before its companion vessel, to do a bit of independent piracy on any Spanish ship it might run across. It came back without any loot except one lonely negro slave, whom it had trepanned in some inglorious fashion. In April 1639 it left New Sweden, carrying such peltries as had been gathered together, about fifteen hundred in all. The *Kalmar Nyckel* had taken about seven hundred. The expedition had cost forty-six thousand florins, the skins sold for about sixteen thousand. The tobacco added something to the returns, but the voyage showed a heavy loss. Still, it was but a beginning. The fort was there to show for part of the money, and there was hope for the future.

## 5: OF PRIMEVAL FORESTS AND NEOLITHIC MEN

A white sandy shore and within it an abundance of green trees," that was all Henry Hudson, the discoverer of

the River, saw of the land, which is now the State of Delaware. In truth, it would be hard to manage in twelve words a better description of the land where this little settlement was made.

The low level landscape, stretching northward for a hundred and twenty miles along the Bay and River, varied its contours only in the rolling hills of the last ten. Except where it was slashed through by the little rivers that flowed into the great River and where some marsh or morass lay open and treeless and where the Indians had cleared their little fields, it was covered by a primeval forest.

"Primeval forest" is a phrase worn so smooth by common use that it is hard now to realize its full meaning, to picture in the mind this great expanse of timberland which had never known an axe. The ground was deep with the black soil made by rotted leaves that had fallen year by year for thousands of years, covered with undergrowth and thick with brambles. From this terrain sprang mighty oaks, rising sixty or eighty feet before a single branch thrust itself from their rude columns—"the finest oaks for height and thickness that one could ever see." Towering tulip trees reared their smooth cylindrical trunks to an equal height. Huge beeches with silvered boles, rough-barked chestnuts, walnuts, hickories, maples, buttonwoods and ash trees strove with each other for room to stand and space to spread their branches. Pines, straight and slim and smooth, stood close ranked like masts in a forest of ships. Cypress grew thick in the swamps, and willows lined the streams. Among the greater trees, wherever they could find room, the lesser, sassafras, dogwood, hornbeam, holly, alder, and a multitude of shrubs, elbowed each other, and everywhere, spreading over the shrubs and low-growing trees, climbing in the branches of the loftiest, grapevines flung their tangled network. Huge trunks of prostrate trees fallen through old age or overthrown by storms lay



here and there, some presenting insuperable barriers to the traveler, others mere moss-covered masses of touchwood, into which one clambering over might sink to his waist. Bogs, formed by clogged streams or filling naturally undrained basins, grew rank with reeds and marsh plants. Only by the few Indian trails and paths was such a forest penetrable without vast difficulty and real danger.

Encouraged by warm summers and mild winters every kind of vegetable growth that flourishes in a temperate and humid climate grew in this fertile soil in profusion. Wild fruits, mulberries, cherries, plums, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, "excellent grapes, red, black, white, muscadel and fox," abounded. Medicinal plants, herbs and simples of a hundred kinds, specifics for as many ailments, flourished in the woods and marshes.

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There was a variety and an abundance of wild animal life such as is unknown anywhere on this continent today. Beasts of prey, bears, wolves, panthers, wildcats, infested the forest. Elk, "as big as a small ox," and deer roamed through it. Foxes, raccoons, opossums, minks, weasels, skunks, rabbits and squirrels were there in multitude. Beavers, fishers, otters and muskrats haunted the ponds and streams.

There were birds of prey, too, eagles, hawks and kites, owls, buzzards and crows, and game birds, turkeys, of "forty and fifty pound weight," says William Penn, partridges, pheasants, quail, woodcocks and snipe. Also there were "the Swan, Goose, white and gray, Brands, Ducks, Teal, also the Snipe and Curloe and that in great numbers; but the Duck and Teal excel, nor so good have I ever eat in other Countries," Penn further testifies. Song birds filled the woods, so that men could "scarcely go through them for the whistling, the noise and the chattering," we are assured by Wassenaer.

Wild pigeons were so numerous that, flying in flocks, they darkened the sun as do clouds.

The waters of the River yielded fish in embarrassing plenty. Shad were taken in nets, "600 and odd at one draught." "Sturgeon played continually in the river." Halibut, mackerel, rock, bass, pike, trout, perch, catfish and eels were there, an "abundance of lesser fish to be caught of pleasure," while herring swarmed "in such shoales that it is hardly credible."

Further down, where the Bay met the ocean, the sportive porpoise leaped from the waves about the Capes, and the jovial whale wallowed in the deeper waters. On the shores the suspicious crab scuttled sideways over the sands of the shallows, while the cautious clam and the saturnine oyster reposed in their beds.

It was a second Garden of Eden that Henry Hudson touched and passed by, and in it were men and women as simple and untutored as Adam and Eve.

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These people were Indians belonging to the great Algonquin family, which was divided and subdivided and divided again into so-called "tribes." De Laet enumerates several "nations" inhabiting the banks of the Delaware River and its tributaries, "namely, the Sauwanoos, Sanhicans, Minquaas, Capitanasses, Gacheos, Sennecaas, Canomakers, Naratekons, Konekotays, Matanackouses, Armeomecks, etc." Other historians add other names, the Assunpinks, Rancocas, Mingoos, Andastakas, "who were located on Christian Creek, Wilmington" and so on.

In truth many of these "tribes" were but village or family groups. Their very names often originated with European settlers or explorers. "Capitanasses," for example, is plainly of Spanish origin and "Canomakers" of English.

A really important name is Leni-Lenape, meaning "real men," which those forming the confederacy that inhabited the Delaware River basin called themselves. This group was divided into three tribes, the Minsi or Munsee, who held the land from the headwaters down to the Lehigh River, the Unami, south of them, and the Unalachtigo, further south and down to the ocean.

The Minquas, of whom one hears most in the chronicles of the first settlers because they brought down the beaver and otter skins so eagerly sought by the white traders, were of the Iroquois family and lived about seventy-five miles to the north and west of the Christina River. This name, properly Mingwe, which is the same as the "Mingo" of Cooper's novels, means "treacherous" and was applied to them by the Leni-Lenape. The Swedes distinguished between the White Minquas, who were probably the Susquehannahs, and the Black Minquas, who seem to have lived as far west as the Ohio River and may have been the Eries. Why they were called "white" and "black" is beyond explanation. Campanius, who saw the Minquas on their trading visits, says they were "strong and hardy, both young and old, a tall and brave people."

Among all these tribes and families there was a great diversity of language. "They vary frequently," says Wasse-naer, "not over five or six leagues: forthwith comes another language; if they meet they can hardly understand each other." Penn describes the tongue of those about Philadelphia as "lofty, yet narrow, but like the Hebrew; in signification full, like short-hand writing; one word serveth for three . . . I know not a language spoken in Europe, that hath words of more sweetness or greatness in accent and emphasis than theirs."

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Their color is variously described as olive, orange, cinnamon and copper, but there is little discrepancy in the descriptions of their physique. Tall, broad in the shoulders, slim in the waist, with well-proportioned muscular limbs, agile, nimble and swift of foot were the men. "They tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty chin," says Penn. "A well-proportioned people, slender and straight as a candle," says Lindeström, "very agile and limber, running like horses." There were "few or none cross-eyed, blind, crippled, lame, hunch-backed or limping men." All were "well-fashioned people, strong and sound in body, well fed, without blemish." The women were "fine looking, of middle stature, well proportioned and with finely cut features; with long and black hair and black eyes set off with fine eyebrows." "I have seen as comely European-like faces among them of both [sexes] as on your side of the sea," writes Penn. Their survival in their naked struggle for existence against the forces of nature depended on physical excellence. Only the fit won through and propagated the race.

Mentally they were shrewd and, within the limits of their knowledge, clear sighted and intelligent, "willing, clever and ready to learn." They were accustomed to "use few words which they first consider well." Yet they were prone to gaiety, to song and dance and to games of chance, as well as of skill. Hudson tells how on his first landing in the bay of New York "the swarthy natives all stood and sang in their fashion." Penn calls them "the most merry creatures that live, feasting and dancing perpetually," and de Rasieres relates that at a game called "senneca," played with rushes, "which they understand how to shuffle and deal as though they were playing with cards," they would "win from each other all that they possess," even to their last piece of clothing "and so separate from each other quite naked."

Temperamentally they were suspicious, cautious, apprehensive of being overreached, but "if humanely treated," says de Laet, "hospitable and ready to perform a service." "In liberality, they excel, nothing is too good for their friend," says Penn and Lindeström calls them "trustworthy and good-hearted." They remembered kindness, they never forgot injury, and always, if possible, repaid both.

They were usually honest in living up to agreements, but Hudson found them "much inclined to steal" and "adroit in carrying away whatever they have a fancy to." It must be remembered that by their own code, which laid little stress on rights of property, such adroitness was accounted for righteousness, just as was skill in hunting. A clever thief was a highly regarded person. It was all a matter of difference of codes.

The Indian is called a "savage," an ugly name, a word that is also used as an adjective to describe conduct that is fierce, merciless, cruel, bloodthirsty, pitiless and generally dreadful. Yet, just as "barbarous" means merely "bearded," "savage" means nothing worse than "forest-dweller." In fact, the Indian deserved the epithet "savage" with its usual bad connotation not a whit more than did his white contemporaries. He was not more brutal than the soldiers in the Thirty Years' War in Europe. He was not more merciless than the Inquisitors in Spain, nor more bloodthirsty than Queen Mary of England, nor more cruel than the English judges and executioners, who for certain crimes inflicted nameless and inhuman tortures.

"Revengeful" is another word often used in describing the Indian, another ugly word, harsh in sound and wicked in its common connotation. Yet "to revenge a wrong" really means nothing more than to inflict punishment or exact retribution for a wrong, and that is exactly what the Indian did. There



was no law, except such as the ancient Hebrews had when they exacted "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." There were no policemen, no courts to whom to refer the punishment of crimes. If an Indian was murdered, it was the duty of his brother or other fellow tribesman to inflict capital punishment on the murderer. If the criminal was a white man and could not be identified or was not to be found, then, on the principle of tribal responsibility, a potent article in the Indian's code, some other white man must suffer. If the murdered Indian was a sachem or other very important or highly valued person, two or three lives were only a fair price to exact from the murderer's tribe. An implacable revengefulness in an Indian was nothing more than a very strong feeling for the sacredness of their only law, the law of retaliation.

Warfare was to them as natural a pursuit as hunting, just as it was in Europe in the Middle Ages. It was merely another form of predatory activity. In war their strategy and tactics were conditioned by two essential factors of successful generalship, secrecy and surprise. Their attacks were therefore delivered for the most part at night. They had small pleasure in a stand-up fight in the open. They regarded such an encounter as merely stupid and the leader, who led them into it, as lacking in military skill. They were keen for combat under proper conditions, but not averse to running away when a wise discretion demanded flight.

Although their culture was centuries and tens of centuries behind that of their European contemporaries, in one of its manifestations they were not so far out of date. They sometimes burned at the stake their enemies captured in battle, just as in England Queen Mary, a few years before, had burned hundreds of those with whom she disagreed in theological opinion, and they mutilated their captives in a manner not less ingenious than that prescribed by the laws of

England then in force and in practice as a punishment for treasons.

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The Neolithic Age had come to an end in western Europe about 5,000 B. C. In A. D. 1638 the American Indians were still Neolithic men. They knew stone and the art of chipping stone into arrow-points and spear-heads and crude battle-axes. Of stone and bone and wood their few weapons, their few tools, were made. They knew soft copper and contrived from it tobacco-pipes and a few simple ornaments, but of its alloys, which had led European man out of the Stone Age into the Age of Bronze, they had no knowledge. The fabrication of hard metal that would hold an edge was not within their capacity.

In all the other domestic arts they were thousands of years behind the Europe of that day. They wove baskets of osier and reed, made blankets of feathers, but no woollen or cotton fabrics. They made crude pots, but these were unglazed and porous. They cured skins, but did not tan them. They built huts of bark and skins, but masonry and joiner-work were quite beyond them. Their huts, without fireplaces or chimneys, were little more than artificial and temporary caves. They had no chairs or tables. In summer they "slept under the blue heavens, some on mats of bulrushes interwoven, and some on the leaves of trees." Day and night their only coverings were the skins of animals. They subsisted chiefly on maize, ground and boiled as porridge or baked in cakes in the ashes, and on the flesh of animals, birds and fish.

They were ignorant of the simplest mechanical devices. The use of the wheel seems almost coeval with the dawn of intelligence in man, but the Indians knew it not. They pulverized their corn by pounding it in wooden mortars with stone pestles, built their boats by burning and scraping the

trunk of a tree until it was hollowed out. They had no weapons but bows and arrows, stone axes, spears and clubs.

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Some of the tribes to the northward had evolved a system of government and of inter-tribal alliance that was surprisingly advanced, but those who lived along and near the Delaware Bay and River had no government and no laws. A few customs obtained some authority, but even they were loosely held and irregularly enforced except in time of war.

While peace reigned the Indian was his own master. The chief was little more than an ornamental symbol of authority. "They have their chiefs," says de Laet, "whom they call *sackmos* and *sagamos* [sachems], who are not much more than heads of families, for they rarely exceed the limits of one family connection." Punishment for crime was inflicted by the wronged one, or by his surviving family, in case of killing. It consisted in retaliation in kind, or, if the injured party or his heirs saw fit, it could be commuted into a payment of wampum or other things of value.

Marriage was quite informal, and it lasted only as long as both parties were satisfied with it. On any disagreement it could be dissolved with equal informality. Among married women chastity was regarded as good form, but among married men and the unmarried of either sex it was neither a virtue nor a custom.

Their practice of graphic art was confined to crude drawings or molded or carven images of men, animals or other natural objects. Their science was limited to a knowledge of remedies for disease or dressings for wounds, prepared from herbs and roots and to a speaking acquaintance with the stars and constellations. "The women there," says de Laet, "are the most skilful stargazers; there is scarcely one of them

but can name all the stars." They celebrated the changes of the seasons with feasting and ceremonies.

The religions of all primitive peoples are essentially much alike. The forces of evil are feared, and the favor of the malignant powers is courted by sacrifices and cajoleries. The beneficent phenomena of nature, the light and warmth of the sun, the fertilizing effect of rain, the fecundity of the earth, inspire gratitude. The casual observer sees merely a simple people's ceremonial demonstration of this fear and this gratitude. But to pierce the veil of outward observances and understand the true nature of their beliefs, that is a task for sympathetic minds trained to that end. Such certainly were not the early explorers of this part of America. They generally agree that the Indians had no "knowledge of God," "no religion whatever, nor any divine worship, but serve the Devil," whom they called "Menutto." This "Menutto" however, one might easily identify with that Manitou, the Great Spirit, in whom many later observers saw the God of the Indians. One chronicler of the period, indeed, admits that "there is something that is in repute among them," though its nature eluded him.

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For nearly twenty years these Indians lived in close contact with the Swedish settlers on the Delaware. The white men had things of as great value to the Indians as diamonds and pearls are to civilized peoples. They had guns, swords, knives, tools of all kinds, woollen cloth, kettles, pots, glass beads, every sort of exceedingly desirable thing, impossible of procurement elsewhere by the Indians. The Swedes were few in number, scattered thinly in tiny settlements along the river bank. The Indians were many, individually strong and daring, skilled in the highest degree in the kind of warfare

most efficacious against these little unguarded communities. One swift, well concerted onslaught would have wiped out New Sweden and yielded to the Indians such a store of plunder as would have enriched them beyond their fondest imaginings of wealth. If they were the "merciless savages" that they are usually thought to have been, if all you could reasonably expect from an Indian was an arrow from ambush, a skull-cleaving tomahawk, a knife in the back, the torch of the incendiary, the plundering hand of a thief and, finally, torture at the stake with the faggots bursting into flame, how was it that New Sweden lived and worked and slept in peace and safety for nearly twenty years?

The Swedes were a peaceable people, just and fair minded. They treated the Indians well. They never attacked them. They were never guilty of such massacres as the Dutch inflicted on their red-skinned neighbors at Pavonia, or as the English perpetrated in the Pequot War. Consequently the war whoop never resounded in their ears. They deserved well of the Minquas and the River Indians, and they got what they deserved.

## 6: OF DIFFICULTIES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS

**T**he little colony left behind at Fort Christina now numbered one commander, Måns Kling, one commissary, Hendrick Huygen, twenty-three soldiers, part Dutch, part



Swedish, and one slave, all black. They looked for a new ship all through the year 1639, but none came, all through the next winter, but none came. There was little to do, that is to say, there was much to do, but nobody to do it. The "colonists" were all soldiers and the business of a soldier is to fight, not to subdue a wilderness. There was no fighting, nobody attacked them. The Indians were peaceable. They heard no more from Dutch or English. The fort fell into decay, but soldiers are not carpenters nor builders. So there was, after all, really nothing to do, and they did it. It was a dull season for the soldiery at Fort Christina. It began to look like a very good place to move away from.

But back home in Sweden there was more activity. Klas Fleming had abated none of his interest and enthusiasm. Almost as soon as the first expedition left, he was preparing a second. This first "colony," as he well knew, was no colony at all. It was a mere trading post. This time he wanted real colonists, settlers, farmers and mechanics, with families, to go with the purpose of remaining, of building up a real New Sweden overseas, and there should be many of them, several shiploads. But there were difficulties. 1300517

In the first place, though the Swedish stockholders would pay their half of the expense, the Dutch contingent would not pay theirs. They were dissatisfied with the results in cash, and not so much excited by the prospective glory of establishing a New Sweden.

Then a new manager for the colonial affairs had to be found, now that Minuit was dead. Then those colonists—where were they to come from? Fleming canvassed Sweden here and there. Nobody wanted to go, which single fact shows how artificial this Swedish colonial movement actually was. It was not rooted in any popular need or desire.

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But Fleming was indomitable. He cut his coat to suit his cloth, reducing the expedition to one ship, old *Kalmar Nyckel*. He appointed Peter Hollandaer, a Dutchman, governor of the colony, engaged Captain Cornelis van Vliet to command the ship and signed up a Dutch mate and a Dutch crew. Then he went after his colonists. Deserters from the army, misdemeanants of various kinds, were to be "captured," given a suit of clothes and ten dalers in copper money and shipped over for a year or two of penance. Some were caught, no one now knows how many, and in September 1639, the *Kalmar Nyckel* sailed, with her cargo of involuntary emigrants. Gregorius van Dyck, a Dutchman, who was to become rather a personage in the colony, was on board. Joost van Langdonk went as commissary and Rev. Reorus Torkillus as chaplain. There were also a few Swedish soldiers, four mares and two young horses.

Torkillus was a Swede. Little is known of him, except that he was the first preacher in New Sweden. He died after four years in the colony.

Thus the second Swedish expedition started, Swedish only in the reluctant emigrants, a few soldiers and the Chaplain, otherwise Dutch throughout. It had bad luck from the start. Old *Kalmar Nyckel* leaked. They turned back and patched her up. She leaked again, again they repaired her. She still leaked. They put in at the Texel and tightened her up once more. Then Captain van Vliet proved a bad one. They discharged him and installed Captain Pouwel Jansen, another Dutchman. They were held up by storms. Not until February 1640, after five months of wasteful delay, did they get away on their journey.

There were troubles all the way over. Skipper Jansen and Commissary van Langdonk spent all their time with pipe and bottle, rowing with everybody. Devout Calvinists, they hated Rev. Reorus, a Lutheran, with a holy hate and treated him

accordingly. The discipline was lax, everyone got drunk as often as he pleased, which was quite often. The sea was rough, everyone got seasick oftener than he pleased, which was almost all the time. On the whole, it was not a happy ship that dropped anchor at Fort Christina on the seventeenth of April 1640.

## 7: OF WELCOME DUTCHMEN AND UNWELCOME ENGLISHMEN

Kieft at Manhattan wrote to his directors on May first 1640 that "The Swedes on the Delaware were resolved to break up and to come here, but the day before their intended departure, there arrived a vessel, by which they were strengthened." This may or may not have been the truth. Such stories were not uncommon in the early days of colonization in America. Relief ships had a habit of arriving dramatically the very day before intended departures.

One may be quite sure, however, that Kieft had done all he could to promote discontent, to create despondency. The presence of the Swedes in New Netherland was more than annoying to the Dutch, it was injurious, it hurt their fur trade. Kieft said the trade was "entirely ruined." More than that, it threatened the loss of the whole Delaware territory. Kieft's forces were not strong enough to expel the intruders, nor would the Dutch Company have allowed resort to force, for fear of embroiling Holland with Sweden, that amazing young gamecock, whose hackles were so swift to

rise and whose spurs so sharp to strike. The best Kieft could do was to sow dissension and breed discouragement by indirect means.

Hollandaer reported that he found the settlement well preserved, by which he probably meant that its members were almost all alive and had some sort of roof over their heads. It certainly was not self-sustaining. Its feeble attempts at agriculture had not yielded it sustenance. English and Dutch traders had supplied its necessities at high prices. The soldiers killed game, caught fish, but also bought such food largely from the Indians. There was immediate need of provisions for a year, more horses—they had only three—oxen, cows, seed grain, brandy, all sorts of supplies. But most of all there was need of artisans. The new governor complained that he had not a man who could build a common peasant's house or even saw a board. As to the men he had, he wrote that "it would be impossible to find more stupid people in all Sweden."

Hollandaer was probably very low in his mind when he wrote this, for his men did contrive to repair the fort, move the two houses to the east side and build three new ones, also a storehouse and a barn.

Trade with the Indians had been carried on by Huygen, and with the arrival of new goods it was further stimulated. The *Kalmar Nyckel* sailed for home in May with a good cargo of furs. Kling and Huygen went back with her, leaving Hollandaer in command and van Langdonk as commissary.

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Few landowners ever look over their boundary fences without coveting their neighbors' land. The Swedes, with more land than they could hope to use in a generation, wanted the country north of the Schuylkill.

Hollandaer set out up the River in the sloop. Jan Jansen van Ilpendam in command of Fort Nassau saw him coming and invited him to stop. Three cannon shots and a musket ball conveyed the invitation. Hollandaer impolitely ignored it. He met the Indian sachems, who assumed authority to sell, and he bought the west bank from the Schuylkill to Sankikan, the falls above Trenton, with the usual undetermined western boundary. Later he acquired the land from Boomptiens Udde to Cape Henlopen from the sachem Wickusi, thus completing the unbroken stretch from Henlopen to Sankikan.

The internal affairs of the colony, however, were not prospering. Hollandaer was not a good disciplinarian. Quarrels among the colonists were frequent. Trade fell off, provisions were scanty, van Langdonk was not a success as a commissary. He did not like the Swedes, and was on bad terms with the governor. There was ill feeling all around. But in November there was a diversion that relieved the tension.

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Some Dutch farmers of the province of Utrecht had been ill with that perennial malady, Agricultural Depression. Prices of farm products were low, taxes high. They looked longingly toward the New World where land was free and the tax-gatherer easy to escape. This New Sweden seemed to offer what they wanted. They applied for permission to go there, but the council of the Company doubted. These were Dutchmen. Sweden might lose its grip on the colony if too many of them went over. There were complicated negotiations lasting for nearly a year, but finally the council's doubts were overcome. A charter was granted to Hendrik Hooghkamer and his associates.

It permitted them to settle on the west side of the Dela-



ware about twenty miles above Fort Christina, giving them in fee simple as much land on both sides of the River as was "necessary for their purposes," no boundaries being fixed, on condition of their putting it "under actual cultivation in ten years." They were given the right to exercise "high and low justice," to appoint their own magistrates and other officers, to practise "the pretended reformed religion," that is the Lutheran. They were required to support preachers and schoolmasters and to choose, as such, persons who had "at heart the conversion of the pagan inhabitants to Christianity." They also had liberty to establish manufactures and carry on trade and fisheries. In short, it was to be a self-contained self-governing little state, but it must acknowledge the sovereignty of the Swedish crown, though its people were exempt from military service except in its own defense. As an acknowledgment of Swedish authority, it must pay three florins for each family annually.

Difficulties, however, were interposed by the Dutch government, jealous of Sweden. When these were overcome, the Dutch West India Company objected. It no longer quarreled with the Swedes over Fort Christina, but wanted no further trespassing on its South River territory. Arrangements had to be made rather furtively so that the Dutch company would be unaware of the expedition's going until after the colony was actually planted. The ship *Freedenburg* sailed in July with Joost van den Bogaert in command.

They arrived in November and settled in a place now impossible to identify, for within two years the colony had disappeared. No trace of van den Bogaert or any of his people appears in the records after 1642. It is probable that they drifted northward to their compatriots in Manhattan.

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There were other matters to interest, even to excite, the people of Fort Christina in 1641. Those intruding English of the New Haven colony were again encroaching. The usual protests by Hollandaer were, as usual, ignored. Then came more serious news. Trade with the Indians had been slack in New Haven. Some of the settlers there, "being Londoners chiefly, unskilled in husbandry and unable to bear labour," wanted to "settle themselves elsewhere more commodious for their subsistence." A Delaware Company had been formed in New Haven to colonize on the River. Nathaniel Turner and George Lamberton came down in a sloop in April and bought from the sachems Usquata and Wehenset two large tracts of land "on both sides of the Delaware." On the eastern side their purchase ran from Narraticons Kill—Raccoon Creek—to Cape May. On the western side they ran from "a riverlet" called Tomquncke to another river called Papuq. No one now knows these streams. The Swedes already had an Indian title to the west side. Now Hollandaer tried to get title to the east side.

He found his old friend Wickusi quite willing to imprint his totem on a deed for the eastern land, and three days before the English got their deed from Usquata, so Hollandaer says, he got his from Wickusi. What difference this priority in time could make does not satisfactorily appear. If Usquata was the "owner," his deed was good, despite any deed of Wickusi three days or three years before, and if Wickusi was the true and lawful proprietor, Usquata's deed was worthless, whenever dated. However, Hollandaer seems to have derived a good deal of satisfaction from his claim of antecedenence.

Of course there were protests. The air was always full of protests in this scramble for possession by the Dutch, Swedes and English. It was a slack month when nobody was pro-

testing and in due form washing his hands of whatever blood of the other fellows might thereafter be, but never was, shed. There was also a deal of planting posts with national arms on them, and of uprooting posts planted by the other crowd. But the pertinacious English went right ahead, building their blockhouse at Varcken's Kill—Salem Creek—and establishing their colony of twenty families, sixty people. Not content with that they hunted up sachem Mattahorn and bought more land from him, part of the same land he had sold Minuit. This purchase ran from Chester Creek or Crum Creek to the present site of Philadelphia and included that most valuable trading place, the mouth of the Schuylkill. With truly brazen effrontery they then sent the regular "protest" to the Swedes and warned them off this indubitably Swedish territory. Quite as indubitably this was also the lawful property of the Dutch, and the government of Manhattan quickly took notice of the aggression. A resolution to expel the intruders was adopted in May 1642 and Jan Jansen van Ilpendam was instructed to take action. He acted immediately.

With two sloops full of armed men Jan Jansen went to the Schuylkill. He found a blockhouse and some dwellings occupied by Englishmen. He burnt the buildings, gave the Englishmen two hours to pack up, took them prisoners and shipped them to Manhattan.

At Varcken's Kill, however, there was no evidence. The Dutch seemed uninterested, their trade was mostly at the Schuylkill, and the Swedes did nothing. More colonists came from New Haven. The settlement prospered and was undisturbed until the coming of Printz, the next Swedish governor.

To the company at home, too, things were happening. The Dutch stockholders were anxious to withdraw. Their double allegiance to the two companies, Dutch and Swedish, was

embarrassing. The emission of the Utrecht colony, contrary to the wishes of the Dutch corporation, undoubtedly made bad feeling. Their shares were taken over, and the project was now all Swedish. Fresh efforts were made to secure colonists, and this resulted in the introduction of a new element into New Sweden.

## 8: OF THE FOREST-DESTROYING FINNS

**A**lthough Finland had been part of the kingdom of Sweden, since the twelfth century, and Swedish civilization, its religion and, to a great extent, its language had supplanted the Finnish, the two peoples differed widely in racial origin and in character. The Swedes and Norwegians were of identical stock, dwellers in the Scandinavian peninsula at least since the Neolithic Age. The Finns were a branch of the Finno-Ugrians, a division of the Ural-Altaic family which dwelt in the Ural Mountains. The Magyars of Hungary, many of the Russian racial division, the Lapps, the Esthonians and the Livonians were of the same stock. The Finns came to Finland about the end of the eighth century. The Finno-Ugrians in their original state were nomads, but dwelt in the forests rather than on the plains. They were unwarlike and had little aptitude for political organization. The Finns of Finland displayed these ancestral traits.

In person they were of low stature, strong and hardy, with

round heads, low foreheads, rather flat features and oblique grey eyes. They were generally morally upright, faithful and submissive, but stolid and indolent, though possessed of a keen sense of personal independence. In general, there was to be seen a resemblance to the Mongolian race.

By common repute the Finns were warlocks of distinguished eminence. Magic was native to them, wizardry was their birthright, sorcery their peculiar province. Only the Lapps, their blood-brothers, excelled them in the black arts. A competent Finnish practitioner could always raise the wind. He tied three knots in a string. When he untied one, a strong breeze blew. When he untied the second, there was a gale. If he dared unloose the third, trees crashed before the tempest and roofs sailed through the air. They had, of course, many parlor tricks not so devastating, charms and incantations to cure disease, for example, or to make the cattle prosper, or to prevent rain in harvest time. There were necromancers among those who came to Delaware. "Lasse, the Finn" was condemned by Printz to imprisonment for his wizardry, "Karin, the Finnish woman" also for a similar offense. Her arts were potent enough to deliver her from the lockup at Fort Elfsborg, but the bars and bolts of Fort Christina were proof against her powers. All in all, the Finns were an interesting element in Delaware's early population.

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Their nomadic tendency had carried many of them over into Sweden. There they cleared the land and planted it, but their methods of deforesting the ground by burning the trees in a rather extravagant and promiscuous fashion met with objection by the government. They were great hunters and in this, too, they were unnecessarily wasteful, killing large numbers of elk for their skins only. They disregarded the laws passed to curb their destructive tendencies, and, as they



lived in the wilder parts of Sweden and had no settled homes, they were hard to catch.

As material for export to the new colony these Swedish Finns seemed thoroughly well qualified. Certainly they ought to be attracted by a new land where there were an unlimited supply of wild animals, no game laws, and forests to burn. Word went out to offer them these and all other inducements to emigrate, and, if enough would not go voluntarily, to "capture the forest-destroyers" and ship them west.

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As a result, the *Kalmar Nyckel* and the *Charitas* sailed from Gothenburg in July 1641 with at least thirty-five colonists including a number of Finns, a millwright and a tailor and their families, two young adventurers of gentle birth, a preacher, Herr Christoffer, Måns Kling, who had gone home in 1640, and his wife and child. Horses, goats, sheep, cattle and farming implements were in the cargoes, besides a great store of provisions, supplies and goods for trade. It began to look like a serious attempt at permanent colonization.

The ships reached Fort Christina in October. The new arrivals and the abundant supplies cheered the rather discontented little settlement. Its storehouse was almost empty, the major items of its contents being a few hundred bushels of corn, six hundred axes and four thousand fishhooks—a ha'penny worth of bread to an intolerable deal of fishhooks, one might think.

Now things began to look up. New houses were built outside the fort, more ground was cleared. In the following spring the millwright contrived a windmill to grind the grain. Rev. Reorus Torkillus, Lutheran, and Herr Christoffer, Calvinist, divided the spiritual care of the settlers amicably, and theological concord was prevalent, especially after that ardent follower of John Calvin and quite worthless per-

son, van Langdonk, left for Sweden on the return trip. All in all, though the ships returned empty because there had been no trade for furs, the little colony at Fort Christina was not in such bad shape in the fall and winter of 1641-2.

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In Sweden, too, matters were going forward. The company was all in Swedish hands, which ensured greater unity of purpose, but funds were lacking. Fleming, still striving toward success, suggested combination with the old South-Ship Company, which had a substantial capital. Also he proposed a participation by the royal government. A plan of reorganization was worked out in 1642 on the basis of a capital of thirty-six thousand dalers, one-half taken by the South-Ship Company, one-sixth by the crown, the balance by the Oxenstierna family, Fleming and Spiring. After this time the company was almost a branch of the government. The ships were provisioned, the crews, soldiers and certain officers paid by the crown. But it still functioned as a private corporation, with Fleming at its head.

All this might seem to have put the company in good condition, but in fact its funds were still insufficient. Its management was never really effective. After Fleming was killed, two years later in the war with Denmark, Axel Oxenstierna became its *de facto* head, and its affairs fell into confusion. Oxenstierna was too busy with the Danish war and the long negotiations for peace to give it the necessary attention. This ineptitude of its officers contributed to the final catastrophe, which was, however, yet some years in the future. For the present it was still in workable condition. Indeed it was about to enter on the liveliest years of its career, beginning with the fifth expedition.

There was great activity in fitting out this new excursion. Two ships, the *Fama* and the *Swan*, were provided and

freighted with supplies for the colony. Horses, cattle and sheep, grain, clothing, guns, wine, malt for their brewing, and writing-paper and sealing-wax for their letters home were in the cargo, but no goods for trade with the Indians. The character of these shipments indicates an intention to sustain and build up the colony without primary reliance on the fur trade, and, to that end, the usual rather frantic search for emigrants ensued.

Gregorius van Dyck agreed to go out again. Christer Boije was engaged as a military officer. A blacksmith was hired and a new minister, Rev. Johan Campanius Holm, who remained in New Sweden for five years. But, as always, volunteer voyagers were lacking. Recourse was had to compulsion. More Finns were rounded up, convicted poachers, deserters from the army, insolvent debtors, were condemned to deportation. Two married men, "who had committed adultery three times and one of them had, in addition, shot some elks," were added to the party, also a new governor to succeed Hollandaer. On the first of November the ships sailed.

## 9: OF PRINTZ, THE BIG SWEDE

**O**n the morning of the fifteenth of February 1643 two ships sailed up the Delaware River, swung to the west and into the mouth of the Christina. Their rigging was broken, their sails split and one of them had lost its main-

mast, a rather sorry looking pair after more than three months of the wintry Atlantic and then a final encounter with a great storm in the bay. Battered and bruised as they were, they were beautiful in the eyes of the little band which held the fort toward which they steered, for they were the *Fama* and the *Swan*, ships of good hope, bearing the fifth expedition from the homeland. But, whatever may have been the anticipations of that little band, they could not have been equal to the reality about to be disclosed.

While one of the ships was being slowly warped close to the Rocks and the gangplank was being run out to bridge the intervening distance, the bulwarks of both were lined with the figures of men, women and children gazing wide-eyed at their new home, an indiscriminate gallery of wondering faces. On the shore Governor Peter Hollandaer, Lieutenant Måns Nilsson Kling, and the two spiritual heads of the colony, Rev. Reorus Torkillus and Herr Christoffer, backed by a handful of private soldiers and plain people, pressed forward to welcome the travelers. It seemed that a quite informal disembarkation was about to be made. But no, it had been planned quite otherwise.

A trumpet rang out in glorious flourish, the long roll of a drum broke forth. The crowd at the head of the gangplank separated, fell back on both sides and in the gap, plain to the view of all, for such cannot be hid, appeared a—what? A man? It was impossible—impossible, but true. A mountain, a mountain of a man, enormous, colossal, stupendous, vast beyond description, or belief, trod the gangplank, that sagged and groaned beneath him. He weighed four hundred pounds—take de Vries's word for it, "a man of brave size, who weighed over four hundred pounds," says de Vries. He had an eye as cold as an icicle, a nose that seemed to have been pounded into distorted prominence and a jaw that jutted like the prow of a ship, a man to be marked among ten thousand.

New Sweden's new governor had arrived, for this was Lieutenant Colonel Johan Printz, late of the West Gotha cavalry.

One pauses to reflect parenthetically that it was a great day for the horses of the West Gotha cavalry when Lieutenant Colonel Printz left that branch of the service. Buccephalus could hardly have borne him gladly.

The new governor had come. Hollandaer's rather colorless régime was at an end. The lethargy, in which from the beginning the colony had been submerged, was about to be dispelled. Under the driving impulse of this ramping roaring blustering Gargantua, New Sweden was to know ten years of expansive activity, to be truly master of the River and its shores, to enjoy a great decade before its total eclipse.

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Printz took over the government at once. Before the assembled population the ceremony of his inauguration was performed, and to it his instructions from the home office were read. His duties under these orders were comprehensive and varied.

He was to preserve a friendly demeanor toward the Dutch at Fort Nassau and not to disturb them at Fort Amsterdam, but to maintain the Swedish claim to the west shore from Henlopen to Sankikan and to the east shore from Narraticon to Cape May, including the English settlement at Varcken's Kill, repelling all invaders; to treat the natives fairly and protect them from violence or injustice; to instruct them in the Christian religion and, in trade with them, to undersell the Dutch and English. So much for generalities.

Then there were his particular duties; to grow tobacco; to propagate cattle and sheep; to cultivate grapes; to manufacture salt; to explore for mines; to cut timber for export; to establish fisheries; to raise silkworms.



Incidentally, he was to govern the colony, administer justice according to the laws of Sweden, and punish offenders; to render to Almighty God the glory, praise and homage due him, "according to the true confession of Augsburg, the Council of Upsal and the ceremonies of the Swedish church"; to instruct all men in the Christian religion, including, of course, the Golden Rule, and to monopolize absolutely and completely the fur trade on the whole River and Bay. On Saturday afternoons he might, perhaps, go a-fishing.

To assist him in overseeing the performance of these few light duties, he had a retinue composed of a commissary, a secretary, four lieutenants, two chaplains, a barber-surgeon, a head-guard, two gunners, a gunsmith, a trumpeter, a drummer, twenty-four soldiers and an executioner—forty functionaries and watchmen. To do the real work there were fifty-odd more or less able-bodied men.

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Installed in office, Printz's energies were first exercised in a perambulation of his domain, from Henlopen to Sankikan. Then, after assigning land to the new colonists for clearing and house-building, he began his major activities. At Varcken's Kill he built Fort Elfsborg to serve the triple purpose of holding the east bank, guarding the river approach and overawing the English settlement there. It was placed on a point south of the present Mill Creek. It was laid out "on the English plan," an earthwork "with three angles," and in it were installed eight twelve-pounders of iron and brass and a mortar. A gunner, a drummer, a chaplain and thirteen soldiers, with Lieut. Sven Sküte in command and Gregorius van Dyck as *wachtmeister* or chief guard, garrisoned it in 1644.

That fortification was hardly under way before another was begun at Tinicum Island, just below the present site of

Philadelphia. This was Fort New Gothenburg. It became the seat of government, Printz establishing his own residence there. The secretary, two gunners and eight soldiers held it under Printz's command. The fort was built of great hemlock logs laid horizontally, and armed with four small copper cannon. Here also the governor erected his mansion, Printzhof. It was built of hewn logs, two stories high, with interior fittings of sawn lumber, brick fireplaces and chimneys, and had glass windows, the finest house in America between Virginia and Manhattan Island.

At Upland, on the present site of Chester, a blockhouse was erected, at Schuylkill another. Fort Christina was repaired and made the principal storehouse. Lieut. Johan Papegoja was placed in command, with Hendrick Huygen as commissary. Here also dwelt the barber-surgeon, the trumpeter, the blacksmith and the executioner.

## IO: OF PRINTZ AS EMPIRE-BUILDER

While this orgy of building was going on, Printz was busy with the other duties imposed by his instructions. The fur trade was still the colony's main reliance, but agriculture must also be pushed. The free colonists were urged to clear and plant their allotments and the hired servants, tilling the company's plantations, were driven at their tasks. Axes rang in the woodland, ploughs turned their furrows, corn and to-

bacco were seeded. Indians were enticed to Christina and the Schuylkill by offers of better trade than the rival dealers would make. There was trading with the Dutch and English, too. Cloth, guns, knives and other articles in variety were bought from them for the colony, and tobacco for return cargoes in the *Swan* and the *Fama*. Huygen went to New Amsterdam to buy goods.

The two ships sailed for Sweden in April. Hollandaer went with them, so did Johan Papegoja, to supplement verbally Printz's written report.

In the intervals of business Printz reorganized the colony's government. He had full judicial and administrative powers. His judicial functions were to be exercised in connection with assistants chosen by him "from among the principal and wisest inhabitants of the colony," but he determined the punishment, "fines, imprisonment or death." In fact, hampered only by the necessity of employing assistant judges, who were both judges and jury and whom he could select at will, Printz was an absolute monarch in New Sweden, exercising the high, the low and the middle justice, with powers of life and death in his hands. No other colonial governor on the Atlantic seaboard of America was vested with such absolute authority.

There were a few Dutch at Fort Nassau, but they gave him no trouble. There were a few Englishmen at Varcken's Kill, but Printz had lined them up and given them the choice of swearing allegiance to the Swedish crown or evacuating. Those that chose to remain now lay quiet under the guns of Fort Elfsborg. From Henlopen and May to Sankikan, Printz was master of the country. All was well with New Sweden.

The folks at home were well pleased, too. Brahe, Governor of Finland, wrote Printz expressing a hope that he will "gain a firm foothold there and be able to lay so good a foundation *in tam vasta terra septentrionali* that, with God's gracious

favor, the whole North American continent may in time be brought to a knowledge of his Son and become subject to the crown of Sweden." Altogether the position of Printz's little kingdom in the fall of 1643 was not unsatisfactory. He had not had time to instruct the natives in the Christian religion, nor to cultivate silkworms, but he had excluded the Dutch and English from his territory.

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To the Dutch, especially, exclusion from the River was a heavy blow. Adriaen van der Donck, a leading member of Stuyvesant's board of councillors, writing some years later, told a sad tale of Printz's offenses.

First, he rhapsodizes about the country. "This bay and river," he writes, "are compared by its admirers with the river Amazon, that is by such as have seen both; it is by everyone considered one of the most beautiful, and the best and pleasantest rivers in the world of itself and as regards its surroundings. Fourteen streams empty into this river, the least of them navigable for two or three leagues; and on both sides are tolerably level lands of great extent."

Then he catalogues Printz's trespasses, that he had built at Varcken's Kill a fort "called Elsenborch and manifests there great boldness towards everyone, even as respects the [Dutch] Company's boats or all which go up the South River. They must strike the flag before this fort, none excepted; and two men are sent on board to ascertain from whence the yachts or ships come. It is not much better than exercising the right of search. It will, to all appearance, come to this in the end. What authority these people can have to do this we know not; nor can we comprehend how officers of other potentates (at least as they say they are, yet what commission they have we do not yet know) can make themselves master of, and assume authority over, land and goods

belonging to and possessed by other people and sealed with their blood, even without considering the charter." And so he goes on. The Schuylkill was "heretofore possessed by the Netherlands, but how is it now? The Swedes have it almost entirely under their dominion." At Sankikan "the arms of their High Mightinesses were erected by orders of Director Kieft, as a symbol that the river, with all the country and the lands around there, were held and owned under their High Mightinesses. But what fruits has it produced as yet, other than continued derision and derogation of dignity? The Swedes, with intolerable insolence, have thrown down the arms, and, since they are suffered to remain so, this is looked upon by them, and particularly by their governor, as a Roman achievement. True, we have made several protests, as well against this as other transactions, but they have had as much effect as the flying of a crow overhead."

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Printz might, indeed, look with pride on his work, but there were a few flies in the ointment. Crops were not good, for one thing. He complains that he got from "the work of nine men hardly one man's yearly nourishment." There was a shortage of animals. He had to buy oxen at New Amsterdam. Trade in furs was bad, yet many consumable supplies had to be bought. The supply of food was insufficient and there was much illness among the colonists. Twenty men out of a scant hundred died that fall, among them the Rev. Reorus Torkillus. As ten of them were hired men and five of them working freemen, the productive force was diminished one-third and there was a severe shortage of labor. Territory had been dominated, forts erected, but the colony as a living organism was greatly weakened. The year closed rather gloomily.

Nor did 1644 open with much promise. Trade was at a



standstill for lack of goods. The English and Dutch pressed their advantage and well nigh monopolized the fur market. But in March they were cheered by the arrival of the *Fama*.

There were a few new immigrants on the *Fama*, the usual contingent of Finns, timber thieves and game poachers, two more unfaithful husbands and a military convict among them. But, as the death roll had grown to twenty-six and four went home with the *Fama*, the net result was a population of ninety-eight adult men and a few women and children in all New Sweden. The colony was hardly holding its own in numbers, nor would one suppose that its moral tone was being perceptibly elevated.

They were better off in material things, however, after the *Fama's* arrival. She brought a considerable cargo, saws for a sawmill, grindstones, millstones, tools, two hundred barrels of flour, twenty barrels of salt, clothing, shoes, ten hogsheads of French wine, one hogshead of brandy, cloth for flags and ten gilded flag-pole knobs. Those forts had to present a cheerful appearance, even though the mouths of the settlers were down at the corners. Also two hundred and fifty copper kettles and six thousand bricks, items to cause wonderment.

The kettles one may understand were for the Indian trade, but that a colony now six years old, in a land where clay was to be had for the digging and bricks for the burning, should have to freight six thousand bricks across three thousand miles of ocean—that seems to need justification.

A lively trade ensued, for furs with the Indians, for tobacco with the Varcken's Kill Englishmen and other planters, and a good return cargo was loaded in the *Fama*.

Printz's experience with agriculture had taught him the economic fallacy of raising poor crops of corn, which could be bought cheaply from the Indians, and buying tobacco at a high price from the English, which could be raised

cheaply by his own men. All agricultural effort was now concentrated on tobacco. At Upland, at Christina and at the Schuylkill thirty men were thus employed. Printz also gave attention to improving the cattle industry. The hogs and cattle, which had run wild, were herded, the sheep fenced in. Manufactures were fostered in cooper-shops and blacksmiths' forges, two boats were built at Christina, the mill was busy grinding corn. Although he had not yet got around to proselyting the Indians and the silkworms were still neglected, the energy of this man-mountain had been effectively utilized. So he functioned in the material affairs of the colony, building, fortifying, trading, farming, manufacturing.

## II: OF PRINTZ AS JURIST

Consider Printz now as the embodiment of the colony's legislative, judicial and executive powers, declaring, interpreting, enforcing the Swedish common law and "the law of God and Moses."

There were simple cases, the arrest of the mutinous crew, which had marooned the Earl of New Albion and stolen his ship, and their remand to Virginia, the extradition from New Amsterdam of Swedish deserters, the trial and punishment of the two Finns charged with witchcraft. In these his genius in legal procedure was hardly tested. But a case was brought before him in this first year in the conduct of which he dis-

played a perhaps unexpected ability to deal with really complicated judicial problems.

That persistent Englishman, Lamberton of New Haven, who had intruded at Varcken's Kill and at Schuylkill, turned up again on the river in the summer of 1643, anchored his impudent ship, well named *The Cock*, about three miles above Christina and started trading with the Indians. This was an offense in itself, but on top of it came information that Lamberton was bribing the savages to kill all the Swedes and Dutch and burn their buildings. Chief Inspector Printz of New Sweden's Scotland Yard took charge of the case with alacrity.

He wrote a letter to Lamberton about an imaginary gold watch stolen by a mythical Indian, and asked aid for its recovery. His two informants, Timon Stidden and Gottfried Harmer, were sent with this to *The Cock*. The two sleuths, having thus insinuated themselves into the ship, remained overnight to spy on the conspirators. They came back with no evidence of guilt, so Printz arrested Lamberton and his crew and held them in jail three days, while he put John Woollen, the English interpreter, through the third degree. One John Thickpenny, of the English, told the tale later under oath in New Haven.

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The first assault on Woollen was the administering to him of wine and strong beer. After he "had largely drunk," the second torture was "more strong beer and wine," in which the crafty Printz joined, drinking freely, "entertaining of him with much respect seemingly and with profession of great love for him, making many large promises to do very much good for him, if he would but say that George Lamberton had hired the Indians to cut off the Swedes." Woollen

would not. But Printz was not yet at the end of his resources.

More strong wine and beer was brought in, Printz drank to his victim again, said he would make a man of him, give him a plantation, a house, much gold and silver. He finally protested that he loved this dear Woollen as his own child—wouldn't he please confess? The ungrateful man persisted in his denial. What wonder then that Printz, his generosity scorned, his love rejected, burst forth in a mighty rage, "stamped with his feet" and with his own hands gyved the culprit.

Back to prison, then, went Woollen, where for three days he was constantly plied with strong beer in flagons, with sack in flagons, threatened, cajoled, but no incriminating admission was to be had from him. Whereupon Printz released the prisoners, but made Lamberton promise to return in July for trial.

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On the tenth of July a court extraordinary was convened, and the first legal trial on the Delaware of which there is any record was held at Fort Christina. Christer Boije sat as judge. Huygen, Kling, five other Swedes and the Dutch commissary from Fort Nassau, Jan Jansen van Ilpendam, composed the jury in the Swedish fashion, which made its members assistant judges and assistant prosecutors as well as jurymen. The governor, "noble and valiant Johan Printz," assumed the more attractively aggressive role of prosecuting attorney. George Lamberton was the prisoner at the bar, charged with conspiracy to commit a massacre.

There seem to have been three counts in the indictment, first, that the English had no good title to Varcken's Kill; second, that Lamberton traded unlawfully with the Indians; third, that he had bribed the Indians to kill all the Swedes and Dutch.

To the first count, Lamberton pleaded that he had been induced by van Ilpendam to buy Varcken's Kill. Jan Jansen promptly called him a liar. The court then called on the prosecuting attorney to testify, which Printz did, swearing the Swedes owned the disputed territory. He told in detail that some other men had told him that the Indian Wickusi had told them that he had sold the land to the Swedes. Nobody objected to this as hearsay, so they passed on to the second count.

To this Lamberton pleaded that he did not know he was not allowed to trade on the River. Two members of the jury then took the stand and swore that he did. That ended this part of the case. They went on to the third count.

Stidden and Harmer, the two sleuths, swore they had heard an Indian say "these things." There was other testimony of a similarly conclusive character. Lamberton denied the charge and wanted Woollen, the interpreter, called for the defense. The prosecuting attorney informed the court "that he had examined Mr. Woollen enough, but that he would not confess anything," which was considered reason enough for refusing Lamberton's request.

Then the magnanimous prosecutor surprised the court by withdrawing the whole third count, since the prisoner "had fully excused himself." Whereupon the court found the prisoner guilty of the crime charged in the third count, which had just been withdrawn, but since he was a foreigner and "would not confess to the charge," the case against him was dismissed. On the two other counts, it was decided by this Swedish and Dutch court, surprisingly enough, that the English possessed "no place at, in or around this river," and that Lamberton had no right to trade there, wherefore his ship and all its cargo were forfeit, but, if he would pay duty on the beavers bought, he would be discharged.

After reading the record of this extraordinarily involved



proceeding, one would not be surprised to learn that the judge had imposed the costs on the prosecuting attorney, fined the jury and sentenced himself to six months' hard labor.

And the matter did not end there. Lamberton complained at New Haven, and quite a row was stirred up in the General Court of the United Colonies at Boston. Governor Winthrop wrote to Printz charging him with committing third degree on Woollen and oppressing Lamberton, also claiming the whole continent including Delaware Bay. Captain Turner brought this to Printz in January 1644. Printz immediately convened a new court to try himself.

This court was a small League of Nations. Printz, the prisoner at the bar, was chief justice. In the court and jury were four Swedes, the Dutch commissary van Ilpendam and two Englishmen, one being the chief prosecuting witness, Capt. Turner. Printz, the defendant and chief justice, acted also as prosecuting attorney. After several witnesses had been examined, including Woollen, who swore no inducements had been offered him to testify falsely, but on the contrary he had been urged to tell only the truth, Printz, the prosecutor, refused to press the charge further against Printz, the prisoner, and Printz, the chief justice, discharged him. So ended this remarkable case, in which, as everyone must admit, Johan Printz proved himself as ingenious, as resourceful and as versatile a jurist as any Lieutenant Colonel of the West Gotha cavalry could be expected to be.

## I2: OF PRINTZ AS DIPLOMAT

Nor were Printz's talents limited to the fields of government, business, agriculture and jurisprudence. As an international diplomat he shone as brilliantly. Witness his handling of the case of the Aspinwall Expedition, which for a time threatened to involve New Sweden in conflict with New England, a catastrophe averted only by Printz's astuteness.

The origin of the affair was a passage in Morton's *New English Canaan* describing "a very spacious lake, which is far more excellent than the lake of Genezareth in the country of Palestine, both in respect of the greatness and properties thereof and likewise of the manifold commodities it yieldeth." It must have been an attractive lake indeed, for Sir Ferdinando Gorges was able to describe the land bordering on it, called Laconia, of which he had received a grant from Charles I, in terms meet to describe Paradise before the Fall, and that without ever having seen it. So it must have been a very desirable piece of real estate.

The only trouble about this new Arcadia was that no one knew where it was, nor how to get to it. Naturally a Laconia Company was formed and an expedition sent out from England to discover and possess it. "After three years spent in labor and travel for that end or other fruitless endeavors," without finding any place so nearly resembling the Garden of Eden, they returned to England "with a *non est inventa provincia*," though Gorges insisted that they must, at least, have been within one day's journey of it at some time in their wandering. An optimist of parts was Sir Ferdinando.

"One Darby Field, an Irishman" was sure he had seen it once, at a distance, but up to 1644 it was still *non inventa*. Enterprising Bostonians were convinced, not unreasonably, that this elysium must be somewhere up the Delaware valley, so they sent a pinnace under command of William Aspinwall to find it.

This expedition arrived in the Delaware in June. Printz then had a problem to solve. If there were any Gardens of Eden anywhere up the River, he wanted them himself. So much was certain. But if he forbade the River to these explorers, he might arouse a conflict with those Yankee Englishmen, and he did not want that, another sure thing. What was he to do?

In his solution of this problem he displayed a finesse worthy of the most capable of the *corps diplomatique*. First, he sent a secret messenger to Jan Jansen van Ilpendam, Dutch commissary at Fort Nassau, to tell him that these English were going to fortify above him and cut off all the Indian trade on the Delaware. Then he welcomed Aspinwall, who carried a letter of recommendation from Governor Winthrop, apologized for his having been halted at Fort Elfsborg, gave him a passport, "promised all favors" and sent him on up the River, with a guide to show him the way. At Fort Nassau, strangely enough, van Ilpendam stopped the pinnace, turned it about and sent it packing back to Boston, "with the loss of its voyage." But it carried a gracious letter from Printz to Governor Winthrop, expressing high regards and giving assurances that Winthrop's letter of recommendation had secured for the expedition a hearty welcome from the Swedes and all courtesies. Winthrop laid the blame for all injuries on the Dutch.

In the fall of the same year an English bark with seven men came from Boston to trade on the Delaware. It lay over the winter at Varcken's Kill, and in the spring started buying

furs. It was set upon by fifteen Indians, who killed four of the party, rifled the cargo and carried off two prisoners. Printz, through his friendship with the sachem, recovered one of the prisoners, arrested the culprits and sent them to Boston. This quite cemented the friendship between him and Winthrop, which had grown up out of his kindness in the Aspinwall affair.

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Printz was generally on good terms with the Indians. He was generous with his gifts and with promises of more. There was trouble in 1644. The success of the onslaught upon the whites by the tribes around Manhattan had made the Delaware Indians, usually peacefully inclined, rather arrogant. Printz spread the report that ships from Sweden with many men were soon to arrive. When only one ship came and brought few men, the Indians became insolent, and within a few days killed five of the Swedes. Printz gathered his little band and began warlike preparations. The alarmed Indians sued for peace. Printz, with all the assurance of a general backed by a conquering army, took a high position. He assured the chiefs that, if the least offense was committed against the Swedes, he "would not let a soul of them live." Then he graciously made a treaty of peace with them and gave them gifts.

Printz had many amiable qualities. He was kind to his relations. There was Johan Papegoja. He married Printz's daughter, Armegot, and Printz made him commander at Fort Christina, displacing Måns Kling, who was sent to the blockhouse at the Schuylkill.

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With the Dutch, at this time, his relations were, on the whole, friendly. He had been instructed to "keep neighborly

friendship" with them, and, too, they made common cause with him against the dreaded English. He knew well that all signs pointed to a conflict with New Amsterdam sooner or later, but meanwhile, though he distrusted the Dutch and watched them, he was all smiles and good will toward them. They traded freely on the River. Both parties used to protest formally every advance made by the other, but that was expected of each by the other. He and Jan Jansen van Ilpendam preserved an actual peace.

In 1645, however, friend Jan was succeeded by a new commissary at Fort Nassau, Andreas Hudde. Hudde was a new broom. The dust of his sweeping got in Printz's eyes, and the smile on his face froze into a frown. Hudde's aggressiveness began to loosen Printz's hold on the fur trade. Something had to be done about it.

In June a Dutch sloop came, and Hudde sent it to Schuylkill to trade with the Minquas. Printz ordered it away. Hudde asked him what it all meant, argued for the rights of the Dutch on the River, counseled discretion, pleaded the alliance between the High Mightinesses and the Queen Christina, protested against such obstructions. Printz told the skipper to get out or he would confiscate ship and cargo. That was the first rift within the lute of friendship.

The next year Hudde started up the River to look for a reported gold mine. This time Printz used the same device that had worked so well in the Aspinwall case. He sent word to the up-river Indians that Hudde was going to build a great fort at Sankikan, garrison it with two hundred and fifty men and kill all the Indians on the River. This magnificent imagination served its purpose. The Indians met Hudde and turned him back. But unfortunately they told Hudde all about Printz's story. The rift within the lute widened perceptibly.



### 13: OF PRINTZ AS A MAN OF ACTION

THE west side of the River, as it gave access to the country of the Minquas whence came the beaver pelts, was the desired territory for all traders, and so the Dutch persisted in their aggressions. Kieft ordered Hudde to buy land there, about three miles above the Schuylkill. Hudde found the Indians, as usual, perfectly willing to sell. They were quite used to selling it. They had sold it to the Swedes already, and it was no trouble at all to sell it again to the Dutch. Hudde bought the land and set up the customary post with the "Hon. Company's arms" on it. Preparations for building were under way, but Printz resisted the encroachment with a high and vigorous hand.

He sent Commissary Huygen with some soldiers to tear down the emblazoned post. Huygen tore it down and told Hudde that "even were it the flag of His Highness, the Illustrious Prince of Orange, that was there, he would have trampled it under foot," with many other "bloody menaces." Stung in his national pride, as well as personally humiliated, the harassed and exasperated Hudde sent a letter to the "Honorable, Rigorous Sir, Mr. Johan Printz," protesting "before God and the World," in the name of "their High Mightinesses, the Noble Lords the States-General and of his Highness, the Illustrious Prince of Orange and the Honbles. the Directors" that he, the said Hudde, was "guiltless of all mischiefs, difficulties, damages and losses, which may grow out of these proceedings." He closed with a rather pathetic

suggestion that "we, who are Christians, do not render ourselves an object of scoff to these Indian heathens."

An envoy with a guard of honor carried the letter to Printz Hall. "Good morning, sir," said the ambassador to the honorable rigorous Governor. "I shall greet you on the part of the Commissary Hudde, who sends you this writing." With high and haughty disdain Printz threw the paper on the ground. "There, take care of that," he commanded an underling, and turned his back on the embassy to talk to some Englishmen. Boyer, the envoy, asked for an answer, whereupon the governor's smouldering wrath flamed out. He seized a gun and doubtless would have ended the matter with a massacre of the delegation, had not his men thrown the Dutchmen bodily out of the house.

To increase Hudde's discomfiture, Printz ordered the Swedes to abstain from all trade and communication with the Dutch. Hudde reported all these indignities to Governor Kieft at Manhattan, but no action was taken. In truth, except to salve Hudde's injured pride, no action by the Dutch was needed. In spite of all Printz's diplomacy, in spite of his rampings and roarings, the canny Dutchmen had the better of him. They were well supplied with goods, and, as traders, the Swedes were not in the running with them. Besides, Printz was by this time pretty well out of trade goods. Klas Fleming was dead. The affairs of the Company in Sweden were in bad shape. The naval war with Denmark kept all the Swedish ships busy, none could be spared and so the expected ship had not arrived. Printzhof and the fort at Tinicum had burned to the ground in November 1645, and the people there had suffered great hardship. Rebuilding had strained the colony's labor resources. The outlook for New Sweden in the following year was unmistakably bad. But Printz never relaxed in his struggle to overcome all obstacles. He built a water mill on Cobb's Creek and two blockhouses to protect

it, calling the place Mölndal. He kept everybody busy, while he waited for the expected rescue ship.

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At last, in August 1645, there was peace with Denmark, and the company set about getting off the seventh expedition. It was to be a real one this time. Great plans were laid. Four hundred men, half of them soldiers, half colonists, with four hundred women and two hundred children were to go out in three or four ships. They spent six months in preparations. In August one ship, the *Gyllene Haj*—Golden Shark—sailed with certainly one colonist, a soldier under punishment. Possibly there were a few others, but there is only one in the records.

It did, however, bring trade goods, thousands of yards of duffels, axes, kettles, knives, thimbles, combs, mirrors, tobacco boxes in hundreds, musical boxes, gilded chains and ten thousand fishhooks. Printz set about reviving the fur trade.

He made a new treaty with the River Indians directed against Hudde's activities. He sent Huygen and van Dyck with eight soldiers two hundred and thirty miles back into the wilderness to re-establish relations with the Minquas, to give them gifts and secure promises of an embargo on trade with the Dutch. He built a new fort, New Korsholm, at the Schuylkill, on an island "about a gunshot" up the stream. It controlled that main line to the fur country. He bought again all the land on the west bank from Wicaco, just south of Philadelphia, to Sankikan. He did everything possible to consolidate his territory and obey the instructions given him to monopolize the fur trade.

In spite of everything, personal relations of a sort were maintained between Hudde and Printz in some curious fashion. Hudde dined at Printzhof with the governor and his

wife. Of one such dinner party there is a record. Hudde argued the old question of prior right as between the Dutch and Swedes, urging that the Dutch had come first. To which Printz replied that the Devil was the oldest proprietor of Hell, but that he might have to give place to a younger one, "with other vulgar expressions to the same effect."

Although there was betterment of trade, the colony was struggling to keep alive. All agricultural effort having been concentrated on the tobacco fields, food had to be bought from the English and Dutch. The settlement had not yet become a self-sustaining enterprise and storms were brewing beyond the northern horizon.

## I4: OF PRINTZ AND STUYVESANT

A new governor had come to New Amsterdam. In place of the fussy pretentious ineffective Kieft, there was a man as energetic as Printz, as determined to maintain his country's rights and much more potent to accomplish his task. Pieter Stuyvesant's name stands out in the long list of colonial governors of the American colonies of all nations, the best known of the lot. His picturesque personality impressed itself on his contemporaries and preserved his fame to posterity. The importance of his colony from the beginning, its subsequent growth into headship of the nation in population, commerce and finance, have magnified his personality perhaps beyond its proportionate value. Though no

one could rightly claim that Printz was fully his equal in native ability or in the conduct of his office, in some respects he was not Stuyvesant's inferior, and due credit must be given him for accomplishing as much as he did with a meagre population, a generally inadequate store of supplies and an altogether insufficient support from the company. As a person, an individual character, he had fully as much of the picturesque that catches the eye and immortalizes its possessor, but he had not the fortune to catch the most important eye, the eye of the man who embedded Stuyvesant in the amber of his prose and preserved him for the ages to come. Washington Irving could have made Johan Printz the character that he made Pieter Stuyvesant.

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Hudde kept the new governor informed of the outrageous pretensions of the Swedes. Stuyvesant was little inclined to put up with them. As he saw it, the South River was, at the very least, as much his as it was Printz's, more in law and justice. He did not propose to have the Swedes monopolize it. But the time had not come for forcible assertion of his rights. The Swedes were not growing stronger, the Dutch could afford to choose their own time for the fight. A little tentative preliminary sparring, however, might be useful.

He gave several Dutchmen a commission to trade on the River. Printz stopped them. Stuyvesant merely protested. Then he ordered Hudde to build a fort at the Schuylkill, where the Swedes were engaged in further building operations. Hudde went there with some Indian sachems, old Mat-tahorn among them, renewed his claim of ownership and ordered the Swedes off. The chiefs denied having sold the land to the Swedes, hoisted the flag of the Prince of Orange, and told Hudde "to fire three shots in token of possession." Then Hudde started building his blockhouse.



Huygen appeared with seven or eight men, and there was the usual grand debate about title to the land, the Indians siding with the Dutch, denying that the Swedes had ever bought any land from them, except a very little bit at Christina purchased by Minuit. There was no decision.

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A few days later, while Hudde was completing his palisade, came Lieut. Måns Kling with twenty-four soldiers, about half of Printz's standing army, armed with "loaded guns and lighted matches" and cut down all the trees around the fort, a rather half-hearted proceeding, one thinks, but doubtless a sufficiently bitter insult. Then Stuyvesant decided to go down to the South River and look into matters there. But the Indians began to threaten New Amsterdam, and the people there objected to his leaving them, so he sent, as commissioners, the two officers next himself in rank, Vice-Director Lubbertus van Dincklagen and Councillor Dr. Johannes La Montagne. Hudde was directed to receive them with all honor, "in the most dignified way," escorting their vessel with his yachts, "in proper style."

They came, saw the Indian sachems at Fort Nassau, received from them assurances that the land at Schuylkill had been sold by them to the Dutch in 1633, but had not yet been fully paid for,—ah, those Indian realtors! They satisfied the chiefs' demands and got new deeds from Mattahorn and the rest. Then they went to Printzhof, these worthy dignitaries, to put the fear of their High Mightinesses into the stubborn heart of Johan Printz.

No honors were paid them there, no dignified reception awaited them. There was even a notable absence of what one would call "proper style." Printz kept them standing outside his door in the rain for half an hour, and, when he saw them and they presented their claim to the Schuylkill land, all they

got out of him was a cold assurance that he would answer them in writing later. The commissioners went back to New Amsterdam.

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The Dutch, however, with their brand-new deeds, began again to assert their authority over the land around the fort at the Schuylkill, Fort Beversreede. Hans Jacobsen started to build a house there. Young Gustaf Printz, son of Johan, tore down the work and burnt the timbers. Thomas Broen tried the same thing, with a similar result. Then Printz, tiring of defensive measures, became offensive. He built a log blockhouse thirty feet long and twenty feet wide exactly in front of Fort Beversreede and so close to it that, from ships on the river, Beversreede could not even be seen. One obstreperous Swede added injury to this insult by tearing down Beversreede palisades, and, when they were replaced, he tore them down again.

A party of three or four Dutchmen essayed a building operation of Mastmakers Hook at the Schuylkill. Lieutenant Sven Sküte arrived with a guard and demolished the house, "hacking and utterly destroying what had been begun," accompanying his violence "with words of abuse and contempt." In the argument that ensued Sküte emphasized his points by seizing one Boyer by the hair, but was "prevented from coming to any further exercises."

Throughout all these bickerings there was a constant crossfire of protests. The air was full of them. They were aimed at Honorable Rigorous Mr. Printz, at Governor Stuyvesant, at Commissary Huygen, at Commissary Hudde, at every head in sight. They hit everybody and did nobody any harm. Truly humane warfare was this campaign of paper bullets.

## 15: OF A HOMESICK HANDFUL

**I**n the midst of it, early in 1648, the eighth expedition arrived in the *Swan*. The cargo was of the usual trade goods, axes, kettles and the like, but also included one hogshhead of wine, doubtless for the governor, forty-eight barrels of "ships-beer" and four barrels of "good beer." There were class distinctions in the land of freedom even in those early days. Few colonists came. The most important being Rev. Lars Karlsson Lock, who remained for many years.

The failure to receive new immigrants was now resulting in a constantly decreasing population. In 1648 Printz's census showed only seventy-nine men in the whole of New Sweden, including the one lonely negro slave, and of these but twenty-eight were freemen settled on farms or plantations. These independent settlers were well enough satisfied with their condition. They were sending down roots into the soil, and, few though they were, they showed promise of steady and continuous growth. But the others, soldiers and servants, were greatly discontented. The soldiers were on foreign duty. Most of the servants were transported convicts. None of these was abroad of his own free will, and they all wanted to go home. Several of them did go home when the *Swan* sailed in May. New Sweden seemed to be fading from the map of North America.

Printz's original engagement as governor had been for three years. At the end of that term he had asked to be relieved. It was two years later when he received an answer commanding him to remain. The fact that this command bore the signature of the Queen herself pleased him greatly,

but another year's difficulties overbalanced even this proof of royal condescension. Again he prayed for relief and again it was refused. He must stay until another governor could be found to replace him. So from top to bottom of the official organization, from Governor Printz down to the meanest bondsman, discontent and nostalgia prevailed in New Sweden.

There were external troubles, too. The Dutch complained that the Swedes had ruined their trade in furs on the South River by paying higher prices. They retaliated by exacting penalties from the English, who traded with the Swedes in miscellaneous merchandise, and by preventing their own people from supplying the wants of the Swedes. In one respect, however, the Dutch gave much needed help.

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Those pestiferous English at New Haven could not forget nor would they willingly forego the advantages for settlement and trade that the Delaware River shores afforded. The fertility of the soil, the mild climate, the convenience of the navigable streams and the value of the fur trade were constant temptations to intrusion. In the summer of 1649, Governor Eaton proposed, at a meeting of delegates from the United Colonies held in Boston, that effectual measures be immediately adopted for English settlements on the Delaware. Stuyvesant, hearing of this, sent word that the Dutch were the owners of the River and would maintain their exclusive right to it. The English prudently let the matter drop, though not without a formal assertion of their superior claim to the territory in question.

But in another year, in the middle of another New England winter, the urge toward the south overcame prudence. A ship was fitted out and fifty settlers embarked. Incautiously they touched at Manhattan, and Stuyvesant arrested

the whole expedition, releasing them only on their written pledge to go back home. He warned them that, if he caught them even trading on the Delaware, all their goods would be seized and they themselves would be shipped as prisoners to Holland. He also wrote to Eaton that he would oppose all such trespasses by "force of arms and martial opposition, even to bloodshed." That ended the matter, except for the usual protests from the defeated English.

Thus the Dutch, for their own purposes and, with no altruistic motives whatever, were a wall of defense, protecting the weakling Swedish colony from the beginning of an English invasion that in a little while would have swamped New Sweden.

## 16: OF THE *KATT'S* CATASTROPHE

**A**mid all this domestic discord and in the face of external aggression Printz, with anxious heart, awaited the arrival of the ninth expedition. He had called and called for more men. More settlers he must have to fill his depleted numbers, to hold the River against Dutch and English. Five times in the last two and a half years he had written home without receiving an answer. At last, early in 1649 the home government gave heed to his clamor. The *Kalmar Nyckel* was deemed unseaworthy because of age, and the *Katt*—Cat—was commissioned in its place.

There was no lack of willing colonists. Two hundred



Finns petitioned to be sent, but without success, because Queen Christina thought it strange that they should want to go, "as there was enough land to be had in Sweden." One or two poachers, a few mutinous soldiers and a miscellany of others, men, women and children, seventy in all, were, however, assembled. Among them were a clergyman, Rev. Matthias Nertunius, Timon Stidden, a barber-surgeon, and a few others of superior fortune. A considerable quantity of merchandise, trade goods and supplies, made up the cargo and, on July second 1649, the *Katt* sailed from Gothenburg.

Months passed, nearly a full year, and Printz was still waiting its arrival. In the summer of 1650, he had news of the disaster, complete and most extraordinary, which had befallen the ship and its company.

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The *Katt* sailed before a favoring wind, made Antigua, then St. Kitts, in good time. Watered and refreshed she laid her course to the island of St. Martin, where salt was loaded. August twenty-sixth she weighed anchor again and ran before the wind for twenty-four hours or so into dangerous waters. Once and twice, she felt the shock of sunken reefs, but passed over safely. The third time she was fast aground. Do what they might in the way of jettisoning ballast and cargo, they could not float her.

To a small uninhabited isle a dozen miles away, the boats carried women and children first and at last every man, passengers and crew. For eight days they were without water until distress signals called to them two Spanish ships. They were carried back to their own wrecked vessel, which the Spaniards looted, and thence to Porto Rico, eighty miles away.

To the market place of the city they were led "with drums and pipes and a great noise," and there a fire was kindled and

all their heretical Swedish books were burned. Hans Amundsson, the commander of the expedition, had audience with Governor de la Riva, who promised freedom to the Swedes and to Amundsson a small monthly allowance for sustenance. The rest must work or beg or starve.

Opportunity was found to send two messengers, Rev. Nertunius one of them, to Stockholm, for aid. Before any answer could be had, a Dutch slaver putting in to port was seized by the governor, and sent to the King of Spain as a gift, the Swedes being given permission to sail in her. But, when they assembled on the wharf, they were told that only Amundsson could go. Thrift, the saving of Amundsson's wage and of the food for the rest on the voyage, may have prompted this, or it may have been pure altruism, the desire to save these heretics' souls by converting them to the true faith. Active proselyting was under way. Converts were promised clothes and money, and some of the Swedes did recant their protestant heresy only to be disappointed when the promised earthly rewards were withheld. Some died, others found this means or that of leaving the island, so that when, in May 1650, a small bark was made available for the rest to depart, there were but twenty-four to go.

They sailed for St. Kitts with a passport from the Spanish governor. Off the island of St. Cruz a French ship overhauled them, made light of their Swedish and Spanish passes and took them all prisoner.

Now they were in worse case than before. Carried to St. Cruz, their goods were stolen, their captors fighting "like dogs" over them. Some were bound to posts, and shots were fired close to them. Others were suspended by ropes for two days and two nights, "until their bodies were blue, and the blood pressed out of their fingers." Tortures of various sorts, thumb-screws, burning of feet with hot irons, were employed to make them divulge the whereabouts of supposed

hidden treasure. One woman was taken by the governor and killed after he had his will of her. Others were sold as slaves. When at last two Dutchmen, hearing of their plight, got an order from the Governor of St. Kitts for their release, there were but five survivors, Johan Jonsson Rudberus, two women and two children, to be rescued. The two women and one child died the next day, the other child soon after.

Rudberus finally made his way to Sweden. Lycke and Nertunius also reached home, as did Timon Stidden, who, with his wife and five children, had managed to get away from Porto Rico before the others. In all only nineteen colonists out of seventy survived the hardships and tortures of the expedition.

## 17: OF NEW SWEDEN AT ITS ZENITH

**I**n November of the year 1648 Andreas Hudde, commissary for the Dutch on the South River, sent Pieter Stuyvesant "A Brief, but True Report of the Proceedings of Johan Prints, Governor of the Swedish forces at the South River of New Netherland." It gives a picture of the colony at the height of Sweden's power on the Delaware.

"At the entrance of this River, three leagues from its mouth, on the east shore," says the report, "is a fort called Elsenburgh, usually garrisoned with 12 men and one lieutenant, 4 guns, iron and brass, of 12 pounds, 1 mortar," an earth-

work by which Printz "holds the river locked for himself," so that all vessels are compelled to anchor there.

"About 3 leagues further up the River is another fort, called Kristina, on the west side on a Kill called the Minquase Kil," a tolerably strong fort, with no permanent garrison, but "pretty well provided." It is the principal place of trade and "the magazine for all the goods."

"About 2 leagues further up on the same side begin some plantations, continuing about 1 league, but these are only a few houses, and these scattering. They extend as far as Tinnekonck, which is an island. . . . Governor Johan Printz has his residence there."

"Farther on, on the same side, to the Schuylkil, which is about 2 leagues, there are no plantations, nor any practicable, as there is nothing but thicket and low lands."

At the Schuylkill, there is a fort "on a very convenient island on the edge of the Kill," which controls "the only remaining avenue for commerce with the Minquase, without which trade this River is of little value."

"A little farther beyond this fort runs a kil extending to the forest (which place is called Kinsessing by the Indians). It has been a steady and permanent place of trade for our people with the Minquase, but has now been taken possession of by the Swedes with a blockhouse."

"Half a league farther through the woods" stand a mill and a blockhouse, "right on the path of the Minquase. . . . Thus there is no place open, to attract the said Minquase. In like manner he has almost the monopoly of the trade with the River Indians, as most of them go hunting this way and cannot get through, without passing this place. . . . Regarding his force: It consists at the most of 80 to 90 men, freemen as well as soldiers, with whom he has to garrison all his posts."

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Printz was master of the Delaware. With less than "80 to 90 men," he was in complete control of the west side of the River and Bay from Henlopen to the falls at Sankikan and the east side from Cape May to Fort Nassau. Stuyvesant might chafe and fume, protest and remonstrate against his "strange and sinister designs," issue orders to Hudde to prevent them, send important personages, vice-directors and councillors, bearing gifts to the Indian sachems and taking from them deeds to their land, he might sign and deliver "deeds and investitures" to Dutchmen authorizing them to settle on the South River, it all amounted to nothing. Printz was still master of the Delaware. Give him more men, soldiers to defend, colonists to settle these hundreds of miles of river shore and bay shore and the hinterland to the Atlantic on the east and to the Chesapeake on the west, and Johan Printz would create a New Sweden that could stand beside New Netherland and New England unashamed; for Johan Printz was fit and capable to build an empire—but not with "80 to 90 men."

Even as it was, the few Dutch on the South River were in despair. Adriaen van Tienhoven wrote to the "Honorable, Wise and most Prudent Sir, Mr. Petrus Stuyvesant," imploring him "at once to come here in person, to see the condition of this River, for the Swedes do here what they please." The blockhouse which Printz had built against the Dutch fort at Beversreede, he wrote, was not only "the greatest insult" that could be offered to "Their Honors, the Directors of the General Incorporated West-India Company," but also left the Dutch there not enough land to "make a little garden in the Spring." "It is a shame," wailed Adriaen.

But, "honorable" as he was beyond the common run of men, Mr. Petrus Stuyvesant was also too "wise and prudent" yet to use the last remedy against the Swedish intruder. Force might be hinted at, even threatened, but not yet employed.



There were well-founded rumors current of a new and strong supporting expedition under preparation in Sweden. Mr. Stuyvesant must yet preserve an attitude of watchful waiting.

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So in 1649 except for the bit of land on the eastern bank on which stood Fort Nassau, and the bit on the western bank on which stood Fort Beversreede, the Dutch had not even a foothold on the Delaware, and in 1650 Beversreede and its tiny territory, "a piece of land about 50 feet square . . . outside of which nobody dared to cultivate a bit of land," were abandoned. Unless the Dutch were content to be crowded out altogether, something had to be done.

While poor Andreas Hudde, the Dutch commissary at Nassau, was regarding disconsolately the condition of his charge, he had news of further encroachments impending. Printz was about to buy all the land north of Nassau, thus completely enclosing the last toe-hold of the Dutch. With commendable alacrity Hudde forestalled him. The game of "buying land from the Indians" being thus on again, Printz countered by buying the eastern side from Mantas Hook to Narraticons Kill. Then Hudde bought from Narraticons Kill to the Bay. So they might have gone on, buying again and again the same lands from the always willing Indians and getting nothing but parchments, plus whatever land either side was resolute enough and strong enough to take and hold, but for Mr. Petrus Stuyvesant's sudden decision to leave off protests and threats and actually do something.

To this decision he was urged, first, by Printz's renewed hostilities against individual Dutch settlers near Beversreede, and, second, by a bit of news brought to New Amsterdam by Augustine Herrman, namely that the *Katt* had met disaster.

No help from Sweden could be expected this year by Printz and his "80 to 90 men." The time was ripe for action.

## 18: OF THE COMING OF THE DUTCH AND THE BUILDING OF CASIMIR

Stuyvesant's first move seemed hardly in accord with his reputation as a bold and forthright man. On May 8th 1651 a Dutch ship from New Amsterdam, "with people and cannon, well armed," sailed up the Delaware and anchored in the stream three or four miles below Fort Christina, "closing the river so that no vessel could proceed unmolested either up or down." In appearance it was a warlike act, but when Printz loaded his little "yacht" to the gunwales with cannon, ammunition and men, thirty men, more than a third of the whole River's adult male population, and went forth to challenge the intruder, the Dutchman weighed anchor and went home. "And thus," wrote Printz, "we secured the river open"—but not for long.

This was, in truth, but a trial balloon, a straw to see how the wind blew. Stuyvesant now knew that Printz would meet bluff with bluff, only a really strong hand would win the stake, the control of the River. In June he made his real play for it. Eleven ships, no less, four of them armed, all of them well manned, sailed from New Amsterdam. At the head of a

hundred and twenty soldiers Stuyvesant himself marched across country and met this fleet at Fort Nassau. With this army and navy, a force of men that must have outnumbered all the Swedes on the Delaware three or four to one, Printz could not possibly cope. While the ships sailed up and down "with drumming and cannonading" to impress both Swedes and Indians, Printz remained quietly at home. When Stuyvesant sent to him messengers and letters claiming for the Dutch the entire River by right of discovery and possession and purchase, he answered with "a simple writing" asserting Swedish rights within "limits wide and broad enough" to cover all their claims, but with no more support for them than an assertion that the deeds for his territory were in the chancery at Stockholm, nor would he be drawn into any argument or debate in the matter. To lie low and let the storm blow over was Printz's plan. Stuyvesant could not keep this force on the River permanently. The Dutchman might win this hand, but the Swedes were in the game for a long session. There were, however, cards up Stuyvesant's sleeve not yet visible to Printz.

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To Fort Nassau now flocked the Indian dealers in real estate, good old Mattahorn, trusty Peminacka and the rest, and Stuyvesant searched their titles by question and answer. Who owned the land on the west side of the River? queried Petrus. To which Peminacka on behalf of all answered, "We do." How much have you sold the Swedes? Only so much as Minuit "could set a house on and a plantation included between six trees," quoth Mattahorn. Will you sell all the rest to the Dutch? "Well—well—" Peminacka hesitated. He'd hardly like to do that. "Where then will the houses of the Swedes remain? Will the sachem of the Swedes then not do us harm on that account, or put us in prison, or beat us?"

Forebodings of what that big man down there at Printzhof might do to them, when the Dutch went home, loomed darkly.

A conference of sachems ensued and, when Peminacka stood forth from it, it was to give as a free gift to their dear Dutch friends all the land on the west side from Minquas Kill down to the Bay, only stipulating that they should fix his gun when it needed repair and give him a little maize "when he came empty among them." But no deeds, no, no signatures on parchment, just a little gift as from one friend to another, that was all. What you don't put in writing, you can always deny, and that big Swede was a bad man to quarrel with. So all the Dutchmen could get in writing was their own account of this verbal transaction, signed by themselves.

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Printz's rejoinder to this was rather feeble, but perhaps the best the circumstances permitted. Peminacka claimed that Mitatsimint, now dead, had given him all this land. Printz got an affidavit from Mitatsimint's widow and three children that the dead chief had given Peminacka hunting privileges only, and had sold the land itself to the Swedes. All of which, on both sides, Dutch and Swedes, was the merest legalistic nonsense. The Delaware River would belong to him who could take it and hold it, as both Stuyvesant and Printz well knew. Stuyvesant acted accordingly.

At Sandhook, on the west bank about five miles below Christina, where now New Castle stands, he landed two hundred men and set about building Fort Casimir. It was about two hundred feet long and half as wide, with emplacements for twelve guns. He abandoned Nassau and moved its guns and garrison to Casimir. Probably, also, the Dutch settlers around Nassau moved down to Casimir. He stationed two warships in the River opposite the new fort.

And now the Dutch were potential masters of the Delaware. No ship could sail up or down the River past Fort Casimir and the two warships without the consent of Andreas Hudde, the commissary in charge at Casimir, unless it fought its way past them. New Sweden could be cut off from old Sweden and from all the English and Dutch traders that had supplied its needs, could be strangled whensoever the Dutch listed. Meantime it existed only by their leave. No matter what "rights" the Indians had or had not conferred on the Swedes by deeds or gifts, that fort and those warships could not be argued out of existence. Those concrete facts made the Dutch potential masters of the Delaware.

Yet, soldier and man of action though he was and as such the least inclined to regard paper "rights," Stuyvesant was not altogether free from superstition concerning the value of parchments and seals, and Printz, unable to resist by force, did his best to discomfort his adversary by clerkly tactics.

He wrote a letter to Stuyvesant setting forth his claim of previous purchase and denying Peminacka's title to the land south of Christina, and had it attested by Mitatsimint's widow and his available offspring. Stuyvesant's reply being evasive of this question of title, Printz filed a formal protest, repeating his claim of ownership all the way down to Boomtien's Hook. That worried Stuyvesant no little. After all he had no deed signed by Peminacka. The grant had been made merely by word of mouth. He must get something tangible, parchment and wax.

He called the sachems together and laid before them a deed in proper form, which asserted their ownership to all the land on the west bank from Minquas Kill to Boomtien's Hook, denied that they had ever before sold it to "any nation in the world," conveyed it now to Peter Stuyvesant, "Chief Sachem of the Mannhattans," and promised never again "to sell or transport the aforesaid land" to anyone else. By this time the



strength of the Dutch and their preparations for permanent settlement must have exorcised from the Indians' minds their fear of Printz, for Mattahorn, Sinques and Ackehorn signed on the dotted line. It is an amusing fact that Peminacka, who alone had claimed title to the land before and who alone had given it to the Dutch, did not sign this deed.

Stuyvesant had now what he lacked before, good black on white no matter by whom it was signed. Do what he would after that, call a conference of sachems, and try to assert Mitatsimint's superior title, stir up the dead chief's kin, file protest after protest, Printz could not shake Stuyvesant's confidence in the strength of his position, fortified as it was by a crackling parchment. Old Petrus finished Fort Casimir and went back to New Amsterdam well satisfied with his work.

Back home in old Amsterdam, however, there were uncertainties and fears. The Directors of the Dutch West India Company did not know quite what to think about it. Sweden was nearer to them than it was to their director-general overseas, and they did not know how Her Majesty Christina would take this. They did not know whether the demolition of Fort Nassau was a prudent act. They did not know this and they did not know that. All they were sure of was that they hoped everything would turn out for the best.

## 19: OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISCORD

Printz did his best to keep the colony going in spite of adverse conditions. He cultivated the friendship of the Indians in order to hold the fur trade. The Dutch also curried favor with them. Success was now with one side, now with the other. The Dutch allowed general trading on the River. Though they required the English to pay duty on all goods passing Fort Casimir to be sold to the Swedes, they did not otherwise actively annoy their neighbors. Forty Dutch families were brought over and settled on the east bank, and there was talk of further extensive settlements, but none were made. In fact this latest Dutch venture lasted only about a year. Then the newcomers moved away.

There was a general contraction on both sides. The Dutch abandoned Beversreede, concentrating all their forces at Fort Casimir, which by April 1653 had twenty-six Dutch families settled around it. Printz gave up New Korsholm and the mill and blockhouse at Mölndal. Also he abandoned Fort Elfsborg.

Diedrich Knickerbocker in that quite unveracious chronicle, his *History of New York*, declares that the Swedes were driven from Elfsborg by a great cloud of mosquitoes that settled upon the fortress attracted by the body of Jan Printz, "which was as big and as full of blood as that of a prize ox." He tells how Printz "moved about as in a cloud, with mosquito music in his ears and mosquito stings to the very end of his nose," and how the mosquitoes followed him to "Tin-

nekonk" and "absolutely drove him out of the country."

Although Printz may be absolved of the blame for attracting the mosquitoes since he never lived at Elfsborg, the story seems substantially true. Peter Lindeström, of whom more hereafter, confirms it. He says the mosquitoes "almost ate the people up there." "They sucked the blood from our people so that they became very weary and sick from it. In the daytime they had to fight continually with the mosquitoes and in the night they could neither rest nor sleep. . . . They were so swollen, that they appeared as if they had been affected with some horrible disease. Therefore they called this Fort Myggenborgh," that is to say Fort Mosquitoburg.

Printz held now only Fort Christina, his own place at Tinicum and the scattered plantations north of Christina. His numbers were down to seventy men all told, freemen, servants and soldiers, and a few women and children. He was too weak to hold a long line of defense, far too weak for any offense whatever. The Dutch had been admonished by the home office "to be very cautious in the intercourse with the Swedes . . . avoiding as much as possible to give them cause for complaints and dissatisfaction, as it is not desirable to add to the Company's enemies at this critical period." All was quiet along the Delaware in the years 1652 and 1653.

There was peace in New Sweden, but not prosperity. There had been no help from home since the arrival of the *Swan* early in 1648, not even any advice or orders. Crops were poor in 1652, because of excessive rain. The fur trade was almost ruined, for there were no goods to barter and the Dutch were in favor with the Indians. Printz had in previous years kept up some show of industry other than agriculture and trading, building a sloop at Fort Christina in 1647, and a ship of two hundred tons begun in 1651 was finished the next year, "except for tackle, sails, cannon and crew," but now he fell ill and was unable to advance any new

enterprises of that sort. All of the officers, soldiers and servants and many of the freemen were discontented. Supplies were short. Unduly high prices had to be paid for everything bought from the Dutch and English. The Indians were troublesome, not seriously, but very annoyingly, waylaying a pig or a cow now and then, stealing a gun here and there.

Repeatedly Printz had written home, reporting his difficulties, praying for more men, more supplies. No answers came back. In July he sent his son Gustaf to Sweden to urge the vital necessity of immediate succor, but this effort at quick communication with headquarters was thwarted.

England and the Netherlands, only two or three years before so closely related that a sort of federal union of the two countries had been seriously negotiated, had fallen out. The Dutch had made a treaty with Denmark injurious to English trade in the Baltic. England had retaliated with her Navigation Act, prescribing that her coastwise and colonial trade, theretofore largely carried on in Dutch ships, should be confined to English bottoms. War between the two ensued, and, as a very small item in a very hot naval conflict, the ship bearing young Printz homeward was arrested by the English. It was held at London for three months. Gustaf did not get to Sweden until December.

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Shortly after Gustaf's departure the increasing discontent among the soldiers and settlers was openly manifested. Twenty-two of them signed a petition for redress of grievances. They complained that they were "at no hour or time secure as to life and property," that they were prevented from individual trading with either savages or Christians, although the governor traded for his own personal benefit without hindrance. They charged Printz with being brutal, avaricious and unjust, and they asked for the release of "An-

ders, the Finn," who seems to have been imprisoned in default of payment of a fine for some offense, "in order that his wife and children should not starve to death."

Printz was enraged. He arrested Anders Jönsson as the ringleader, charged him with treason, tried him and hanged him. There seems to be no record of the trial, and the constitution of the tribunal is not known, but it may well be believed that Printz was prosecutor, judge, chief witness and at least the better part of the jury. That this did not result in active rebellion is proof of the strength of Printz's personality. There was disaffection enough among soldiers as well as settlers to have overthrown the government of a less dominant dictator, but Printz's hold on power was not broken. After he had hanged Jönsson he replied to the petition, denying its charges and berating the rebels who had signed it. No one resisted him further.

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His position, nevertheless, had become untenable, not because of this domestic opposition, but through external circumstances and the very nature of the man himself. Printz was a born despot. Placed as he had been during the greater part of his régime, sole ruler of a small body of subservient people, so far removed from his overlords in Sweden that he was practically masterless, subject to no laws but the common law of Sweden and "the laws of God and Moses," of which, in their construction and application, he was sole judge and sole executive, dominating the whole territory of the River because of the weakness of his Dutch and English rivals, supported by supplies from home so that his economic position was fairly comfortable, his situation satisfied the requirements of his natural disposition. He was a square peg exactly fitting a square hole.

But in these latter years changes had occurred. The Dutch



ruled the roost. Andreas Hudde, formerly the despised captain of half a dozen Dutchmen in the negligible little Fort Nassau, had now all suddenly become lord paramount of the River, to whom all flags must dip and without whose consent none might pass in or out. Behind him stood that terrible Stuyvesant, the equal of Printz in the vigor of his character and his superior in the armed forces under his control, who could muster a dozen ships and hundreds of men to match Printz's little yacht and his crew of thirty. These rapacious Dutchmen had the power to take and hold the whole territory from the capes to the falls, and who could tell when they might see fit to exercise it? The glory of New Sweden had departed. It existed now only on sufferance, and Printz was no man to be satisfied in such a humiliating position. Humbled pride was unbearable by him.

The internal affairs of the colony were no less displeasing. Apparently abandoned by the powers at home, lacking necessary supplies for its own use and for trade with the Indians, unreplenished by new settlers, diminishing in numbers year by year, the colony seemed fated to actual extinction. The leadership of an inglorious failure had no charms for a man of Printz's disposition.

The unrest among his subjects, which had resulted in their recital of grievances by petition, was ominous of a far more dangerous insubordination. Hanging another man might not serve to quell a second rebellious demonstration. The oppressed soon tire of that sort of treatment. In case of armed insurrection Printz knew that he could not count on the loyalty of his professional soldiers, who were themselves dissatisfied with their condition. Inside the colony, as well as outside, prospects were gloomy.

Moreover he had long been tired of his job. More than once he had prayed for recall. It is no light task to carry on such an ill-supported, isolated and in every way precarious

colonial experiment in a rude undeveloped country. The mere bodily exertion involved in getting about in the wilderness, without considering the mental effort necessary to solve new and constantly arising problems, taxes heavily the endurance of even the physically fit, and Printz was a fat man, "weighing over four hundred pounds." All in all one may well be surprised that he held on for ten years.

But now the end had come. Printz had had enough. If they would not relieve him, he would relieve himself. He was going home.

He assembled the Indian sachems at Printzhof, made them a speech promising to return with many men and much merchandise, gave them gifts. He promised the colonists that within ten months he would either return or send them a shipload of supplies. He turned his office over to his son-in-law, Johan Papegoja, and in October 1653, with his wife and four daughters, Hendrick Huygen and about twenty-five settlers and soldiers, he sailed from New Amsterdam, never to return.

## 20: OF THE CHARACTER OF A GOVERNOR

**T**he character of such a man as Johan Printz cannot be adequately and justly summarized in a paragraph. It is not difficult to assemble adjectives fairly applicable. If you say that he was headstrong, masterful, tyrannical, rough, hot tempered, profane, violent, passionate, overbearing, arrogant,

arbitrary, unjust, you make a true statement. On the other hand, if you say that he was an intelligent man, a brave soldier, a strict disciplinarian, a shrewd manager, an able administrator and a firm believer in "the pure word of God, according to the Augsburg confession," you are not going beyond the facts. The difficulty is in combining these qualities, in their proper proportions and relations, into a true picture.

In many respects he was the equal of Stuyvesant in ability and not unlike him in character. Both were bold vigorous men, mentally and physically. Both were able executives, both were natural despots. Both of them succeeded to a high degree in efficiently functioning in their similar offices. Printz's task was, however, far simpler than Stuyvesant's, who had to cope externally with strong as well as troublesome neighbors, the encroaching English of New England and the actively hostile Indians, and internally with a nationally diversified and naturally refractory population in a community largely commercial and hence more complicated in its domestic and foreign relationships. It is more than doubtful, it is practically certain, that Printz could not have governed New Amsterdam as well as Stuyvesant governed it. He lacked many of the qualities of Stuyvesant. In good judgment, intellectual power, adaptability, farsightedness and in the fairly single-minded devotion to the welfare of his colony with which the Dutchman can be credited, Printz did not measure up to his rival. In another particular, personal honesty, one fears that he was also deficient.

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After Printz's death in 1663 his heirs claimed from the Swedish government his full salary for all the years he was in the colony and nearly sixteen thousand dalers that he had advanced to the soldiers and servants of the company in New

Sweden. This claim was allowed in full. It must be, then, that Printz had private resources on which he lived for ten years and out of which he made these advances. What were they?

It is also stated on apparently good authority that he returned to Sweden a wealthy man. The exact words are "through wise management he collected almost a little fortune on the Island of Tinicum." How did he do it?

It will be remembered that, in the ill-fated petition for redress of grievances of the colonists, it was charged that, while he prevented the colonists from trading for furs, the beaver trade being reserved to the company exclusively, he engaged in the traffic on his own account and for his own profit. After he went home, this accusation was renewed in a similar paper signed by many of the settlers. It was specifically charged that he sold large quantities of beavers to the English for gold and sent "heaps of beaver skins to Holland." There is no record to show that Printz cleared himself of guilt in this respect, nor even that he made any exculpating answer. Hanging Anders Jönsson can hardly be regarded as a convincing reply.

The best that his apologists have to offer is the suggestion that he made advances of money and goods to the colonists from time to time, and that "in some instances" he was repaid in beaver skins. But such repayments as are now traceable in the records are for trifling amounts, and against such an explanation must be set his heirs' claim for nearly sixteen thousand dalers of such advances unpaid. This explanation is hardly satisfactory.

The plain fact of the matter is that Printz, as governor of the colony and custodian of the rights of the company and the colonists, was in no position to make "a little fortune" honestly. Those repeated indictments, drawn and signed at the risk of their lives by the colonists, have the ring of truth, and it will take more than a statement that "most of the

charges against him were probably unjust," or that they were "overdrawn or ill founded," or that "some allowance must be made," to clear Printz's name.

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Aside from this matter of personal integrity, Printz did as well for the company as any governor, conditioned as he was, should have been expected to do. The manifold and diverse instructions under which he worked were pretty well followed. He upheld the Swedish rights on the river, he got along with the Indians reasonably well, he carried on the fur trade as long as he had goods to trade with, he governed the colony, though harshly. He administered justice as he understood the meaning of the word. He fostered agriculture and encouraged manufactures within the limits of his narrow resources. He upheld religion.

In one or two respects he lacked success, for example in the requirement that he lead the Indians to Christianity. He did try. He got one or two to go to church once, but they failed to understand "why one man stood alone and talked so long and had so much to say, while all the rest were listening in silence." Christianity failed to interest them.

It then became evident to Printz that more radical measures must be adopted. He was always an advocate of thoroughness when dealing with Indians. The first year after his arrival, finding that the River Indians had few furs to sell, and so were unprofitable neighbors, he proposed to have two hundred soldiers sent over from Sweden to kill them all, "to break the necks of every one on the River," as he put it.

Later, in his efforts to convert them to Christianity, he revived his proposal in a modified form. He would only kill all the Indians who would not accept "the one true religion." But the home office was not prepared to sanction such vigorous religious propaganda, so Printz gave it up and aban-



doned the heathen to their dreadful fate. In this respect, then, he fell short of his instructions, and in one other. He never did raise any silkworms.

## 21: OF THE CHARACTER OF A QUEEN

**I**f Christina of Sweden had been a dutiful child, inclined to regard the feelings of her parents, she would have been born a boy. They both expected it of her and with good reason, for the astrologers and soothsayers, whom they anxiously consulted prior to her birth, assured them that, with the Sun, Mars, Mercury and Venus in conjunction at the anticipated time, a male child was a certainty. Characteristically Christina broke all the rules and was born a girl.

Fortified by his habitual piety Gustavus was unshaken by the sad news. He first gave thanks to God for this undesired gift and then manfully set about righting the error of Providence by making a man of her.

"Man," in the vocabulary of the great Gustavus, was synonymous with "soldier." Therefore it delighted him when he found little Christina's reformation from the error of femininity so far advanced at the age of three that she "crowed and clapped her tiny hands at the blare of trumpets and the roar of cannon." Given time for the task he might have made of her a Boadicea, a Penthesilea. She seemed fit material, physically and mentally. Though small she was

strong, and she had "the very features of the Grand Gustavus," including his nose, a high-bridged salient dominating nose. She always regretted her sex, openly and frequently expressing contempt for womanhood and women. She was inclined to martial adventure and lamented, as an irreparable misfortune, her father's untimely death at Lützen, because it had prevented her "from serving an apprenticeship in the art of war to so complete a master."

But the scant six years of her life from her birth to her father's death, during most of which he was away at the wars, were not enough for the training of an Amazon. Then she fell into the hands of the men of peace, the clerks and scholars. Axel Oxenstierna, the Chancellor of Sweden, head of the regency during her minority, undertook to instruct her in politics. The learned scholar, Johannes Matthaei, became her master in other branches of knowledge. Between them they turned out, instead of a warrior queen, a royal bluestocking, but a bluestocking with a difference. A learned lady she became, but more learned than lady. So far as possible her masculine traits, as being more suitable to a reigning sovereign, had been developed by her tutors. Her naturally strong will—she had the nose of Gustavus—had been strengthened to imperiousness, and her inborn and early developed love of regal pomp and power fostered to excess.

At the age of seven she sat upon a high silver throne and, unabashed, received in state the bearded ambassadors from Muscovy. At fifteen she presided in the senate, and "became at once incredibly powerful therein," astonishing the senators "at the influence she gains over their sentiments." At eighteen she assumed the sceptre, and very soon made things so uncomfortable for her childhood's mentor, Chancellor Oxenstierna, that he had to leave the royal court and retire to his country estate. Then, unhampered by wisdom, unrestrained by prudence, she alone ruled over Sweden.

The martial proclivities of her youth were no longer apparent. Instead she seemed impelled by a desire to do two things, to advance learning and the arts in Sweden and to make the Swedish court the most elegant, gay and extravagant court in Europe.

On the one hand she established schools, encouraged the feeble national science and literature to a stronger growth, collected books and treasures of art, fostered learned societies, patronized foreign artists, philosophers and scholars, and brought many of them into Sweden, among others the great Descartes.

On the other, she made the royal court at Stockholm famous for its brilliance and gaiety. Balls, masques, pageants, every kind of extravagant merrymaking engaged her energies. To add to its lustre she created counts by the dozen, barons by the score and lesser nobles by the hundred, and provided them with revenues suitable to their degree, out of the state funds.

She combined the two objects of her life with pleasant whimsicality, as by interrupting a learned colloquy between two philosophers and making them play at battledore and shuttlecock until they could no longer lift an arm, as by compelling three of the most eminent Swedish scholars to pirouette in a classic dance, the music growing faster and faster as she called the time, until they fell fainting before her. She killed Descartes by requiring him to attend her at such unreasonable hours in the depth of winter that he fell into a mortal illness.

For ten years she kept up this mixture of praiseworthy statesmanship and insane folly, spending the national treasure and the royal revenues with such prodigality that she nearly bankrupted the kingdom. Then she abdicated the throne, donned the clothing of a man, assumed the name of Count Dohna and left Sweden. Abandoning the faith for which her

father fought, she became a Catholic. After a time she regretted her abdication, and she spent much of the last thirty years of her life in vain efforts to recover her throne. She died in Rome in 1689, "poor, neglected and forgotten."

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During the ten years of her reign that little star in the galaxy of Sweden's glory, the colony on the Delaware, shone so feebly, was so dimmed by the effulgent splendors of the royal court that it seemed to her a negligible luminary. Of how little importance was that handful of rude unlettered men, peasants for the most part, scattered thinly along a far-off savage shore, compared with the crowd of learned scholars, clever artists and brand-new home-made noblemen, that thronged the court at Stockholm. It was hardly worth while for so great a personage as Queen Christina to bother her head about such a trifle as New Sweden, and very little attention she gave it.

After Klas Fleming's death in 1644, there was no efficient directing head to the Company. Chancellor Oxenstierna did his best to keep it going, but, when he fell out of favor and retired to the country in 1647, he lost his influence at court and with it much of his power. He was old and tired, unfit to cope with adverse conditions. The succeeding expeditions were long drawn out in preparation and ill managed in execution. Hundreds of colonists anxious to go to New Sweden were unprovided with transport and even refused royal permission to emigrate. Printz was left for four years without new supplies or new men, without even an answer to his appeals for help. The whole affair dragged miserably.

In 1652 there was a slight showing of royal interest in the colony. The Queen presided at the Council of State and heard reports of its condition. But the only result was her suggestion that the management of the enterprise be trans-

ferred to the College of Commerce, a mere shifting of responsibility without any prospect of betterment.

In the next year, however, there was a revival of real activity. Eric Oxenstierna, son of old Axel, who had been made general director of the College, was interested in colonial expansion. The letters and reports from Printz were dusted off and given consideration. A new expedition was ordered to be sent to his aid. The Queen, displaying a momentary interest, decided that two ships with three hundred colonists and large cargoes of supplies should go out to him. New Sweden was to be saved.

## 22: OF THE VOYAGE OF A PLAGUE SHIP

Preparations began in August on a grand scale. The good ships *Örn*—Eagle—of the royal navy and *Gyllene Haj*—Golden Shark—were selected. Supplies were bought. Colonists to the number of two hundred and fifty, “the greatest part good men, fewer women, and fewest children,” were sought. Soldiers, fifty of them, were hired. These people were assembled at Stockholm in increasing numbers from September onward and in November rushed to Gothenburg to embark.

There they were mustered and “their certificates and testimonials examined,” so as to exclude “any criminals, male-



factors or others who had done any wrong . . . so that God, the Most High, might not let His revenge and punishment afflict the accompanying good people and the ship and goods, with the bad and wicked," so writes Peter Mårtensson Lindeström, a military engineer, who went with this expedition.

Lindeström notes a reversal of the former policy of sending malefactors to the new country, which had prevailed because "no one dared to undertake the long and difficult voyage." Now, he says, "plenty of good people can easily be had, yes, even many more than can be shipped over." At this very time they had to leave behind "about 100 families, good honest people" for want of room in the ship. Eleven weeks later the selected emigrants were still in Gothenburg.

There had been the usual difficulties and delays, including the late-discovered unseaworthiness of the *Gyllene Haj*, which, after the customary rebuilding and repairs arrived at Gothenburg in mid January "leaky and in bad condition." Her passengers and cargo were crowded into the already full *Örn*, and on February second the expedition started, in a "cracking cold winter and great storm." Johan Rising, secretary of the College of Commerce, was in command. Among other notables were Lieutenant Elias Gyllengren and Captain Sven Sküte.

The voyage was typical of those days of leisurely peregrination. Two days after sailing the ship was driven back by head winds and was found to be leaking. Mending the leak "as well as possible," they started again on the sixth day. Storms turned them from their course. On the fourteenth day their captain "was so confused that he, with astonishment, did not know in what region we were, because, on account of the dark and obscure weather," he had been unable to make any observations. To his surprise, he found they were near Calais and there they anchored.

Setting out again they were halted by three English frig-

ates on suspicion that the *Örn* was a Dutch ship. The Swedes were loath to submit to examination and yielded only after their bowsprit had been shot away. Proving their nationality they had to go to Dover to get a passport from the English admiral to go through the Channel.

On the twenty-sixth day of their voyage they put in at Weymouth for fresh water. Then they stopped at what is now Falmouth for two or three days. Here the officers were "magnificently treated and entertained by the local Governor" at a dinner enlivened by toasts. "At each toast the English gave a double salute, which was continued with uninterrupted shooting" until they took leave sometime after midnight.

During their voyage thence across "the Western Ocean" for two weeks and a half, "a terrible and violent storm" prevailed, "so that we could take or observe no elevations, finally not knowing where we were." On March twentieth after dark they anchored off an island, whose inhabitants "discharged thier guns and shot at us the whole night." It proved to be one of the Canaries.

Next day the governor visited the *Örn* "with three large yachts and a numerous suite." He treated them well, and, though the populace at first stoned them in the streets, their stay of four or five days was memorable for sumptuous dinners of "a hundred courses," not of "meat, fish, bread" or such common food but of "mere sweetmeats, of the fruits that grow there," served on covered silver platters to the music of trumpets and kettledrums. Memorable it was also for the constancy with which they withstood persistent efforts of monks, "right good drinking brothers, who could do full justice to the cup," and certain "beautiful and charming nuns" to seduce these good Lutherans from their faith.

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On March twenty-sixth they left the Canaries. Two weeks later they were holding "a ship council" to consider their serious condition. They were a miserable ship's company. All sorts of "violent and contagious diseases" had been rife among them during the voyage, "so that there was such lamentation and misery, yes, lamentation above lamentation, so that a person, even if he had a heart of stone would have felt sorrow and grief on account of the miserable condition." Very many had died. "Frequently, when the roll was called in the morning there would be 3, 6, 8 or 9 corpses, which one after the other would be laid out on board, and after the clergyman had thrown three shovels of ashes on them and performed the ceremony, they were shoved overboard and their grave was dug deep enough for them."

The desperate condition of the emigrants is described in detail by Lindeström. Closely packed together, in "the unnatural heat of the sun," with no change of linen for their verminous bodies, eating "coarse and rotten victuals such as entirely decayed fish: putrid water to drink, that stank like the worst of carrion," none but the most hardy could have survived the horrors of such a voyage.

In the midst of these miseries they sighted three Turkish ships approaching "in a hostile manner." Now there was "misery upon misery with us on our ship among our people," so that "we hardly knew in a hurry what to take hold of to make a resistance against the enemy." The cannon were so covered up with "an enormous amount of trumpery . . . boxes, chests, tubs and all sorts of things," that they were useless. There were, however, two large guns on the lower deck and four small ones on the upper that were clear.

All the sick people were carried on deck. "Even if they were half dead, every man had to go up, and only hold a

gun in their hands, if they could do no more; but those who had not enough strength to stand were propped up and supported between two healthy men." All available arms, muskets, clubs, spears, were distributed, and then brandy was served "to strengthen them somewhat." And so this stricken ship manned by half-dead scarecrows made ready for action.

But there was no battle. Two rounds from its lame-duck battery gave the Turk pause, and "when he saw such a large number of men on our ship, and observed that we had so heavy cannon, he did not dare risk an attack. Consequently he set his course back again."

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On April sixteenth they arrived at St. Kitts, where "the English bombarded us merrily, until they obtained information of what nation we were." Then they had permission to land, take in supplies and to regale their people with fresh water, meat and fruits. Two weeks later they ran into a fearful storm that carried away all their sails, "as if they had been cut from the ropes with knives." Even with all the canvas gone, the ship was so "thrown over on the side that the whole length of the masts touched on the waves," and many persons were lost overboard. All the masts had to be cut away.

With jury-masts under such rags of canvas as they could muster, thinking they were entering New Sweden Bay, they staggered into the Bay of Virginia on the twelfth of May. Another storm overtook them there and again they were stripped of canvas. They ran on a reef that "cracked severely in the ship." Being informed by some Englishmen of their error in geography, they put about and on May twentieth, one hundred and seven days from Gothenburg, they anchored in the Delaware off Fort Elfsborg.

Two days later the survivors of the voyage disembarked at Fort Christina. A hundred out of three hundred and fifty had died. The rest were so "ill on the ship and the smell was so strong that it was impossible to endure it any longer." The very sailors were so weak that "they could not lift up the anchor, nor row the boat without aid from the colonists."

"And thus was (glory be to God)," says Lindeström, "our voyage to that place in West India, [to which] we intended to go, fortunately carried out and finished. . . . The person who cannot pray to God, let him be sent on such a long and dangerous voyage, and he shall surely learn to pray."

So came the *Örn*, the last ship from the fatherland to New Sweden, the last because Rising on his way up the River had indulged in a diversion whose ultimate consequence was the complete and final extinguishment of New Sweden.

## 23: OF AN ARGUMENT AND REMONSTRANCE

**A**mong the manifold duties imposed on Rising by "The Orders of her Royal Majesty, as well as the Instructions and Memorials of the Commercial College," was one that had to do with the Dutch at Fort Casimir. It was desired that the entire River be secured to the Swedes, "yet



without hostility." "If the Dutch could not be removed by argument and grave remonstrances and everything else that can be done without danger and hostility," then it was deemed better to tolerate them there and to build a fort below them to control the River, "since a hostile attack is not compatible with the weak power of the Swedes at that place."

When the Dutch commander of Fort Casimir saw the *Örn* lying before Fort Elfsborg he sent Adriaen van Tienhoven and four others to board her and "ascertain whence she came." Rising received them politely, kept them overnight and got from them his first news of affairs on the River and, especially, of the weakness of the garrison in Casimir, which "had fallen into almost total decay." In that weakness he saw his opportunity to follow his instruction that the entire River be secured to the Swedes, and on that basis he formulated the "argument and grave remonstrance," which should convince the Dutch commander of the injustice of his tenure of the fort.

The next morning he dropped anchor off Fort Casimir and fired a salute. It was not answered by the Dutch. It was no lack of politeness that dictated this failure of courtesy, but sheer inability. There was no gunpowder in Fort Casimir.

Rising then sent Captain Sküte and Lieutenant Gyllengren ashore with four files of musketeers to present his "argument" to the Dutch commander, Gerrit Bicker. It was, in form and substance, brief and easy to understand, being simply a demand for immediate surrender. Nothing but stupidity on Bicker's part could account for his failure instantly to comprehend so logical an "argument" and to admit its validity, yet there was delay. Bicker wanted to discuss the matter, to consult his officers, though surely there was nothing in such a simple request to discuss or consult about. Yet Bicker was not devoid of the rudiments of logic.

When van Tienhoven urged him to defend the fort, he answered most aptly, "What can I do? There is no powder." Nevertheless, he delayed his reply.

Rising, annoyed at Bicker's obtuseness, "let them have a couple of shots" from his heaviest guns, as a reminder that he had other "arguments" to follow the first, if necessary. Then Gyllengren with his musketeers "forced himself into the fort" and ordered the garrison to lay down its arms. He pulled down the Dutch flag and hoisted the banner of Sweden. Powder was brought from the *Örn* and Gyllengren fired a salute from the guns of the fort in token of the triumph of mind over matter, of Swedish logic over Dutch unreason. And thus, "without hostility," Rising induced the Dutch to admit the justice of Sweden's claim to the whole River.

It being Trinity Sunday the fort was renamed Trefaldighet—Trinity. It was found to contain a garrison of twelve men, thirteen cannon, sixty cannon-balls, a few muskets, a thousand bullets and no powder. There were twenty-one houses in the village around the fort, occupied by as many families of Dutch settlers. These colonists were promised freedom on an equality with the Swedes, if they would swear allegiance to Sweden, and at Fort Christina two days later they all appeared led by Bicker and "with one mouth" expressed their heartfelt desire for naturalization. "They then took the oath in the open air, with a waving banner overhead," and were received with open arms and a banquet as true and loyal subjects of the Queen. Bicker and Andreas Hudde were especially joyful in their release from subjection to the Prince of Orange and Governor Stuyvesant. Hudde promised to "serve Rising as faithfully as he had served his former master," which must have greatly comforted Rising.

There were, of course, a few undesirables to be deported.

Adriaen van Tienhoven and Cornelius de Boer were held to be so infected with loyalty to their own nation as to be dangerous citizens. De Boer was especially criminal, having spoken disrespectfully of the good Queen, and his land and personal property, including six or seven goats, were confiscated. So pure logic overcame false reasoning, truth prevailed over error, and the sun set on the evening of May 23, 1654, on a one hundred per cent Swedish river.

## 24: OF THE SWEEPING OF A NEW BROOM

With the additions made by the *Örn's* passengers and by the newly naturalized Dutch, the population of New Sweden was suddenly increased to three hundred and sixty-eight persons. The resources of the colony in the matter of food and shelter were severely strained. Many of the new arrivals were sick and unable to fend for themselves. Disease spread among the Indians and they avoided the colony, so that the customary supplies of meat, fish and maize were cut off. But Rising sent a sloop to Hartford to buy grain and provisions, and after a few weeks the Indians began to trade again. With these fresh supplies and the recuperation of the sick people, their immediate necessities were met and the prospect brightened.

Land was allotted to the new settlers along the River between the forts, Christina and Trefaldighet, and upwards

along Christina Kill. Lindeström was ordered to divide the fields on the north of Fort Christina into lots and to lay out streets for a village close to the fort. Houses began to arise on the new farms and in the new little town, called Christinahamn. An alehouse at Tinicum was floated down and set up in the village for an inn. The fort and storehouses were repaired. The former Dutch fort was also strengthened by entrenchments along its front, in which four new cannon were placed, and it was furnished with ammunition. In short, the revival of hopes and the betterment of conditions following the arrival of the *Örn* showed themselves in all material ways. New Sweden was in better case now than it had ever been before.

It was none too soon. After Printz's departure the colony had fallen into hopelessness. Fifteen of its small number had fled to Virginia and Maryland, and most of the rest would have gone too, if relief had not come in the *Örn*, says Lindeström. Those who had left were charged with "desertion," and Papegoja hired some Indians to bring them back. There was a fight and all that the Indians brought back were two heads, which did not help matters much. Their Indian neighbors had got out of hand too, and burned Fort New Korschholm. It was a fast-fading colony that was revived by the arrival of the *Örn*.

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Rising had been given alternative orders. If he found Printz there, he was to act as his assistant or commissary. If Printz had left, he was to take over the government, with the title of Director of New Sweden, with Sven Sküte as commander of the soldiery and Johan Papegoja as civil assistant. The temporary vice-director therefore surrendered his office, and Rising assumed the colony's headship.

His instructions, as usual, imposed on him numerous and

varied duties. The first was in itself enough to tax the powers of any man, being a comprehensive order "to bring the country on a prosperous footing." While filling this larger order, he was to occupy and clear new land, plant tobacco, sow grain, hemp and linseed, cultivate grapes and fruit trees, grow ginger and sugar cane and—the folks at home never would get that idea out of their heads—to raise silkworms. Where he was to get the first pair was not suggested. Then he was to found cities—little Christinahamn must qualify for that—"select harbors and begin commerce," drawing all the trade of the river into Swedish hands. Also he must prospect for minerals, establish ropewalks, tanneries, sawmills, tar-burneries and manufactories of wooden ware. He must keep peace with Indians, Dutch and English, but fortify the country and ward off all attack. He must increase the population by inviting all good men to rally to the Swedish standard, but he must expel all ill-disposed persons. He must make laws for the conservation of game and timber—putting the fear of them into the hearts of those poaching forest-destroying Finns—also laws governing trade, agriculture and other pursuits. These things done or while they were doing, he must "institute commercial relations with Africa," and "send game, beer, bread and brandy to Spain" and lumber to the Canaries. He was to handle all moneys of the Company in New Sweden, supervise its merchandise, keep books and accounts, raise money when needed, and appoint judges.

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Rising did his best. He called the colonists together and cheered their hearts by telling them that hereafter the trade with the Indians, for furs and what not, was free to them all, no longer monopolized by the Company, though they must pay an export tax of two per cent. Also they could buy



land in fee simple from the Company or the Indians. He promised them continued support from home.

This good news was celebrated by a day of fasting and prayer—a sort of Swedish Thanksgiving Day. He established laws regulating the rights and legal status of the various classes of the population, soldiers, servants and freemen, regulating also the ownership of land and its management in agriculture and forestry, and, as has been told, he assigned land, established a village and strengthened the colony's defenses. He portioned out the Company's cattle among the settlers, buying more cows from the English of Virginia.

For his own use he selected Timber Island and adjoining land running to Skoldpadde Kill—Turtle Kill, now Shellpot Creek—cleared the island, planted fruit trees and built a house “with two stories and a dwelling as well as a cellar below it.”

Also he wrote to Eric Oxenstierna to send him a good wife, with no specification, other than a suggestion that colonial women ought to be able “to look after the garden and the cattle, to spin and to weave both the linen and the wool . . . to keep the nets and seines in order, to make malt, to brew the ale, to cook the food, to milk the cows, to make the cheese and butter.” It was not necessarily an ornamental wife that he required, just a good useful hombody.

The people, too, set to work with a will. More land was cleared by the usual Swedish method, the trees being felled and allowed to lie for a year. Then the useful logs were trimmed and hauled out, and the rest burned. Rye was sown in the ashes, and the next year the land was under the plough. Fields were fenced and various crops were planted, grown, harvested and stored for winter. The first roads were laid out, and gradually made possible for wheeled vehicles. Alto-

gether the colony was in good heart during the year after Rising came.

It was not yet self-supporting, however. Recourse must still be had to the Indians and the English for meat, provisions and many other necessities. Everybody looked forward to the arrival of the belated *Gyllene Haj* with its cargo of supplies. But it never came.

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With the usual ineptitude of the Swedish mariners in the matter of making their intended landfall, even after so many of their ships had made the same voyage, the *Gyllene Haj* missed Delaware Bay by more than two hundred miles, and found the North River. Stuyvesant seized it, in spite of the protest of Hendrick van Elswyck, its commander, and imprisoned its crew in the guard-house.

This was not merely an act of retaliation for the taking of Fort Casimir. There was policy behind it. It might be used as a pawn in the game, traded for Casimir. To open negotiations Stuyvesant allowed van Elswyck to go to Christina and invite Rising to a conference at New Amsterdam under letters of safe conduct. But Rising declined the invitation. No further move was made. The cargo was taken ashore, the ship, renamed *Diemen*, was put in the Dutch Company's service, most of the people who had come over in her settled in New Amsterdam, and that was the end of the eleventh expedition.

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For the moment there was no further hostile move on the part of the Dutch, but the English bothered Rising quite a bit. Governor Bennet of Maryland sent an embassy in June to discuss boundaries. They made the usual claim of their

right to the River on the score of original discovery and of the grant to Lord Baltimore. Rising replied that the Spaniards were the first discoverers, and, that "King James's donation, . . . was like the donation given by the Pope in Rome to the Kings of Castilien and of Portugal, the Pope giving what he did not own, nor was able to give," which seems an apt reply. For the Swedes he claimed it on grounds of possession by conquest or occupation of deserted and desolate land, by donation or purchase from the rightful owners and by continuous possession and occupation, asserting that his people qualified on all these counts. "To this," says Rising, "Mr. Lloyd [chief of the embassy] answered not a word." Nothing more was heard from Maryland.

But New England popped its head above the northern horizon to assert ownership of "large tracts of land on both sides of the Delaware Bay and River" bought by its people from the Indians, and suggested a conference to arrange for settlement thereon. Rising dug up his Indian deeds and sent copies of them to Governor Eaton, with an "attestation" signed by the oldest colonists denying altogether the English claims.

At a General Court in New Haven in November, the matter came up for discussion. Committees were appointed, a new Delaware company organized, fifty people joined it, and plans were laid for colonization. There was a conference at New Amsterdam between Vice-Governor Good-year and van Elswyck, and a great deal of running to and fro, which all came to nought. The Swedes would not consent and the English dared not use force.

Soon after Rising's arrival he had a conference with the Indians up the river. "Twelve sachems or princes" met him at Printzhof. Eternal friendship was sworn, gifts were given them, and cannon fired in token of amity. A great ship full

of desirable things and many men had arrived. The Dutch had been expelled. The Swedes were now the rich and powerful party, and the hearts of the Indians burned with love for them. When the question as to the Swedes' title to the land from Sandhook up to Mariken's Point—New Castle to Marcus Hook—was raised, great chief Peminacka, who had formerly transferred it all to the Dutch, now gave it as a free gift to the Swedes, who, though they had always denied that he had any right, now received it with gratitude. Then Ahopameck gave them the land above that to the Schuylkill. More "princes" came from the east bank, and confirmed former gifts and sales. Four sachems of the Minquas dropped in and donated the land on the Chesapeake on the east side of the Elk. Everything was lovely all along the line, and the Swedes' collection of Indian autographs attained museum proportions.

In most respects the affairs of the colonists seemed prosperous. Their numbers were large, they held all the River, they were clearing more and more land, building more and more houses. Their spiritual welfare was cared for by the Rev. Matthias Nertunius at Upland, Rev. Peter Hjort at Trefaldighet and Rev. Lars Lock at Christina. A court was established at Tinicum, and various cases were tried there. One of these involved the engineer Lindeström, who with another was accused of "pounding an Englishman, Simon Lane, blue," but the charge was withdrawn. Andreas Hudde was tried for harboring intentions of desertion, but, confessing his fault, was forgiven. In numerous cases there was evidence of attempts at the formal administration of justice.

There was a shortage of food. The grain crop of 1655 failed because of the severity of the previous winter. Miscellaneous supplies were lacking. The loss of the cargo of the *Gyllene Haj* was a heavy blow. But, on the whole, the skies

seemed fair. The storm brewing in New Amsterdam and old Amsterdam had not yet lifted its black cloud above the horizon of New Sweden.

## 25: OF THE GATHERING OF THE STORM

When news of the atrocious conduct of Director Rising in the matter of Fort Casimir reached Holland, which was as soon as, with all urgent haste, Governor Stuyvesant could get it across the Atlantic, it was received by the Noble College of XIX, the Lords Directors of the General Incorporated West India Company, with profound astonishment. After all these years of claim and counter-claim, of protest and counter-protest, of the crackling of parchment, of defiances and challenges and threats and promises of action, of menacing forefingers and shaken fists, that anyone should actually do something seemed quite incredible. Yet there it was in black and white in an official message from the veracious Stuyvesant. Fort Casimir had been rudely, forcibly taken by the Swedes. Incredulity gave way to belief, and amazement was drowned in indignation, to which succeeded stern determination. To actual aggression only one answer was possible.

"How very much we were startled by the infamous surrender of the Company's fort on the South River," wrote the Directors in a private letter to Stuyvesant under date of



November 16th, 1654, "and by the violent and hostile usurpation of the Swedes there, your Honor will have sufficiently learned from our general letter, sent herewith, in which, to express further and in greater detail our serious opinion or intention, we did not deem advisable, as the same must be kept as secret as possible."

That "general letter" had merely said that as this outrage could not be tolerated, "other provisions must be made in due time that no more damage is done us." As mild a commentary as could well be made, it was, in fact, but a velvet glove to conceal the iron hand of these secret instructions.

The privately communicated "serious intention" was that his Honor must do his utmost to revenge this misfortune, not only by "restoring matters to their former condition, but also by driving the Swedes at the same time from the river."

Nor did the Lords Directors content themselves with writing letters. Preparations for war in the grand manner were immediately under way. To enlist volunteers, the drum was beaten daily in the streets of old Amsterdam. Two ships, the *Groote Christoffel*—Great Christopher—and the *Swarte Arent*—Black Eagle—with soldiers and munitions of war, were despatched to Manhattan. Another, the *Koninck Salomon*—King Solomon—was prepared for the voyage, but, as it might not arrive until the next spring, Stuyvesant was authorized to charter other vessels and to attack speedily "and before the Swedes were reinforced."

Yet the great war was not to begin so promptly. When these instructions reached New Amsterdam Stuyvesant was away on a vacation in the Barbados. The belligerent Lords Directors were greatly disappointed. This delay "quite startled" them—a nervous lot, those supposedly phlegmatic Dutchmen. It gave them "very little satisfaction," but in no way cooled their martial ardor, nor abated their zeal. An-

other ship, the *Waegh*—Scales—was chartered, one of the “largest and best ships” belonging to the Burgomasters of Amsterdam, “armed with 36 pieces,” and with two hundred soldiers on board, under Capt. Frederick de Conninck, she sailed to reinforce Stuyvesant. She carried orders to him “to undertake immediately and as quick as possible, but with caution, this expedition, and to carry it out with courage.” There must be “no delay and no sluggishness,” lest the twenty-five or thirty Swedish soldiers on the river be reinforced to perhaps double their number and thus become invincible. And having thus provided their general with an army and navy and sounded the charge, the Lords Directors at the Grand Headquarters smoked their pipes and awaited news from the front.

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On the arrival of the *Waegh* on August third General Stuyvesant called a council of war and proclaimed a day of prayer and fasting to invoke “God’s special blessing, help and guidance” in the prospective slaughter of the Swedes. A call for volunteers promised them “a reasonable salary and board-money” and “a proper reward,” if they chanced “to lose a limb or be maimed.” Ships in the harbor were pressed into service, and on September fifth the Dutch armada set sail from New Amsterdam. The *Waegh* was the flagship. The others were a French privateer, *L’Esperance*, and four “yachts,” *Hollanse Tuijn*, *Prinses Royael*, *Dolphijn* and *Abrams Offerhande* and the “flyboat” *Liefde*. These others carried four guns each.

The greatest secrecy had been enjoined upon everyone. Surprise was an essential element of the strategy of the campaign. Heaven only knew what those terrible Swedes might do, if they heard of the war before the first shot was fired.

But Rising was not to be deceived. When some Indians came to Christina and told him that the Dutch were about to attack the Swedes, his intelligence department immediately perceived that there was going to be a war.

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A council of war was convened by Rising. It was decided that Fort Trefaldighet must be defended, and to that end it was ordered repaired. The palisades of the fort had a very annoying fashion of falling down in times of peace when nobody thought it worth while to set them up again. "Muskets, swords, pikes, bullets" were taken there. With miraculous forethought gunpowder, a hundred and fifty pounds of it, practically all there was in the colony, was stored there, also "fourteen gallons of brandy, quantities of beer and other necessary things." It was decided to defend the fort to the last bottle of brandy or the last barrel of beer, whichever should longer survive the attack of the thirsty garrison.

## 26: OF THE TAKING OF TREFALDIGHET

On September sixth the alien prow of the Dutch Armada clove the peaceful waters of that bay, which, by every right to be derived from occupation of its shores and

repeated purchases thereof from the Indians, was sacred to the Swedes. Off deserted Myggenborgh the fleet anchored and put ashore its living freight for rest, refreshment and re-organization. The army was drawn up on the shore, reviewed by the commander-in-chief and divided into five companies. Stuyvesant's Own was composed of ninety men. Captain Dirck Smidt led sixty. Fieldmarshal Nicasius de Sille had fifty-five, Capt. Frederick de Conninck, sixty-two. Lieut. Dirck Verstraten commanded fifty "seamen and pilots." The ships lay there that night and, all danger of premature discovery being past, their guns "shot and thundered" all night long.

Two days later they sailed up the River "amidst the beating of drums and blowing of trumpets and a great bravado" and passed within range of the fort's guns. Certain hotheads, Peter Lindeström and Lieut. Gyllengren among them, would have fired on the ships, but Capt. Sven Sküte was unwilling to sanction such rude measures. The invaders dropped anchor above Trefaldighet.

Immediately the troops disembarked, and fifty of them were posted on the south of Christina Kill to cut off communication between the two Swedish strongholds. Lieutenant Smidt with a drummer and a white flag now approached the fortress and summoned it to surrender. Lieutenant Gyllengren met him, and pointed out the unreasonableness of his request, "that these were impossible pretensions, and that such was not in our power to do," giving him fair warning that the Swedes would "defend and resist to the last."

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The persistent Dutchmen were not satisfied with this reply. The next day they repeated their demand. Peter Lindeström now tried his powers of persuasion. He met

the emissary, a lieutenant colonel, and a not unfriendly colloquy ensued.

"Good morning, brother," said the lieutenant colonel. "Have you slept sufficiently?"

"Well, it is time for that," answered the Swede. Which seems a sufficient cryptic reply.

"Well, brother," said the lieutenant colonel, "I come now indeed on the same business, which one of our officers presented to you yesterday, on behalf of our General and Governor, that if you now wish to give up the fort in peace, no harm shall happen to you, but you shall enjoy besides the good condition to be allowed to march out with flying banners, full arms, bullet in your mouth and more similar things."

But Lindeström was not to be seduced by the prospect of a bullet in his mouth and other similar things, whatever they were. He asked what the Swedes had done to deserve this kind of treatment.

"Is that so strange to you, brother," responded the envoy, "that you do not know that we have a goose unpicked with you, in that you last year, when you arrived here, drove away and chased off our nations from this fort, which was then called Fort Casimir, and all our colonists living around there? Therefore we have now come again here to revenge the same, and not only to drive you out of this fort, but your whole nation, which is found here in the country, for a recompense and a memorial."

Lindeström then, with admirable patience, sought to convince the Dutchman that the Swedish rights in the River were paramount to all others, but this military man had no time for such lawyers' talk and cut him off with a final demand for surrender "without any further dillydally," coupled with a threat to storm the fort and "not spare the child in the cradle."



"We will not surrender," replied the gallant Swede, "to the last man, or as long as there is a warm drop of blood in us," and bade him goodbye.

But the lieutenant colonel seemed loath to leave his Swedish brother. He swore by "God's fifteen"—whatever that quaint and curious oath may mean—that he hadn't had a drink all that day, and he dared Lindeström to prove to him that there was any brandy in the fort. "I believe you are so poor, you poor wretches, although you brag so greatly and make big spikes out of little iron," said he.

Soldier though he was, Lindeström had a heart. The man's piteous plight touched him, also his taunting tongue stung the Swede's pride. The thirsty Dutchman was led blindfolded into the fort, where at once his need was satisfied and the honor of the Swedes was upheld by libations so copious that the envoy departed in high good humor, though with uncertain footsteps, crying "Farewell, brave engineer, have thanks for good treatment."

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But even such courteous hospitality to his emissaries failed to mollify Stuyvesant. He had hardened his heart against the Swedes, and the war must go on. He landed his artillery and prepared for a siege. Up to this time no shot had been fired by either army.

Even after the landing of the Dutch troops there were no immediate hostile acts. The campaign was still in its preliminary stages of negotiation. Embassies came and went between the fortress and its besiegers, the lieutenant colonel again, then the Swedish armorer, Kämpe. Sküte himself faced Stuyvesant, asking for leave to consult Rising, which was refused. Kämpe went again, and secured a delay until the next morning. It seemed that they might talk it out on this line, if it took all summer.

But on the morrow Sküte had his final conference with the Dutch general on the *Waegh*, and was at last convinced that Stuyvesant wanted his old fort back again, and wouldn't be happy till he got it. Sküte surrendered.

The terms of capitulation saved for the New Sweden Company and the Swedish crown all goods, arms and munitions belonging to them, returned to the Dutch Company all its similar material and accorded the garrison the honors of war.

Seventy-five Dutch soldiers followed Sküte back to the fort, "came marching," says Lindeström, "and our commandant going foremost in front of them all, dragging the enemy on his neck after himself to the fort."

Lindeström and Gyllengren were disgusted by the craven submission of their captain without even an attempt at defense, and even then proposed to the garrison to fight. But the soldiery had no stomach for such folly. "They made themselves rebellious and jumped over the walls to the enemy." So there was nothing to do but "give up and let the enemy in."

The Swedish flag came down and was carried out of the fort by Sküte at the head of a bodyguard of twelve men "with burning fuses, loaded guns, beating drums and pipes and bullet in mouth and such things." The rest wore merely their side-arms. The Dutch flag was hoisted and the "Holland salute" was given by the fort's guns. It was "answered in the camp and on the ships. Thereupon the whole battery was discharged upon Fort Trefaldighet and the outer ramparts. This was again answered by all the cannon in the camp and on the ships." Thus quite a lot of powder was burnt with no injury to anyone, and Fort Trefaldighet became again Fort Casimir.

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General Stuyvesant met the retiring army and inquired of Captain Sküte where he was going with all those soldiers. "To Director Rising, at Fort Christina, according to the terms of our contract," answered the captain. To which the General replied, "Then you have not looked clearly at the words. I have indeed promised you to march out of the Fort . . . but you will not find it stated in the agreement whither. Wherefore, remain here, where I want you." And so it was. Although the *locus a quo*, the fort, was plainly written therein, there was no mention of the *terminus ad quem*. The Swedish army was all dressed up, bullets in mouths and everything, with no place to go. Poor Sküte, vastly chagrined, "ashamed of his agreement," stood there helpless before the triumphant and very astute Stuyvesant, right out in the open between the two armies, "all smiling and, in addition, making fun of him."

To the ships went the common soldiers. Back to the fort, so flamboyantly evacuated a few minutes before, deprived of their arms, guarded each by two Dutch musketeers, sad, inglorious prisoners of war, marched the Swedish officers.

Magnanimous in the hour of his triumph, General Stuyvesant dined them that evening at his own table, "very splendidly and well," but behind each of them stood "two musketeers with their guns and burning fuses," Damoclean swords to remind them of their parlous condition.

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Lindeström lays the blame for the surrender entirely on the shoulders of Sküte, whom he constantly ridicules. "During the siege," he says, "our officers made fun of our commander, but after the siege was over not even a common soldier would drink out of the same cup with him, but [he] was considered by every man as a shoe-rag."

It however plainly appears even in Lindeström's narrative,

that poor Sküte was helpless. His handful of men in their "fort" of logs and earth had not a chance against Stuyvesant's warships, land artillery and hundreds of soldiers. Even the few men he had were mutinous, unwilling to fight, ready to desert. Some of them did scale the palisades and get away. Fifteen others were placed under arrest. The best that Sküte could hope for, even after stubborn resistance and then only at the cost of blood, namely a retention of the property of the Company and the Crown and an honorable evacuation, he got. His failure to include in the articles a provision for the freedom of his men after surrender was the oversight of a slow-witted man faced by superior shrewdness. The surrender itself is no blot on his soldierly character.

## 27: OF THE CAPTURE OF CHRISTINA

**D**uring the negotiations efforts had been made to get reinforcements from Christina. Two men were sent by night in a canoe asking for aid. Rising sent back encouraging messages and a promise of speedy succor, but when he despatched nine or ten freemen to the besieged fort, fifty or sixty Dutch soldiers caught them crossing the Kill. Only two escaped and got back to the fort, "the Dutch firing many shots after them, but without hitting." "Upon this," Rising

reported, "we fired upon the Dutch from the sconce, with a gun, whereupon they retired into the woods and afterwards treated harshly and cruelly such of our people as fell into their hands."

Preparing for the defense of Christina, Rising sent Hendrick van Elswyck to tell the up-river settlers that the time had come to show their fidelity to the Queen by defending "Her Majesty's fortresses." A small number of loyal free-men were collected and brought to Christina to strengthen its garrison.

When the news of the fall of Trefaldighet came to Rising, he sent van Elswyck down to Stuyvesant "to obtain an explanation of his intention and to dissuade him from further hostilities." Elswyck came "in a friendly way," Stuyvesant subsequently reported, "using at first persuasive and friendly words, afterwards mingled with menaces, '*hodie mihi, cras tibi.*'" Stuyvesant sent him back with the reply that he claimed the whole River, whereupon "we collected all the people we could," says Rising, "and labored with all our might, by night and day, on ramparts and gabions."

The next day the Dutch appeared in force on the south bank of the Kill. A Swedish shallop was seized, and a house occupied. Rising sent Lieut. Sven Höök with a drummer "to find out what they purposed, for what cause they posted themselves there, and for what we should hold them," that is, as friends or enemies. The answer would seem to have been sufficiently obvious, and all Rising got for his curiosity was the loss of the two men, whom the Dutch, although they appear to have allowed them to come as envoys in regular form, held as spies because the drummer had no drum.

Following this first approach came the whole naval and military force of the invaders, and now the garrison of Christina was regaled with a demonstration of the art of



war as applied in sieges. A letter of Johannes Bogaert, clerk on the *Waegh*, to Hon. Mr. Schepen Bontemantel, Director of the West India Company at Amsterdam, tells the story of the investment.

The army disembarked and formed in three divisions. Capt. de Conninck's soldiers and Lieut. Verstraten's sailors took up a position on the south bank of the Kill and erected a battery of three guns. Fieldmarshal de Sille's company entrenched themselves about northwest of the fort, mounting two guns. General Stuyvesant filled the gap between the two, planting a battery of four guns, one an eighteen pounder, the largest piece, north of the fort and about a hundred paces from its main entrance.

This description of Bogaert's does not agree with the other contemporary evidence, the plan of the siege drawn by Lindeström. In that are shown four main positions of the enemy, the first, with three "companies" and four guns, south of the Kill. The second a bit to westward with four "companies" and six guns. The third, Stuyvesant's, before the main gate, with six "companies" and six guns, and the fourth on Timber Island, with two "companies" and four guns. Lindeström also shows two ships, the *Waegh* and the "*Spegell*"—probably the *Dolphijs*—anchored in the stream at the mouth of Fiske Kill—the Brandywine. These differences may be accounted for by supposing the two descriptions to represent different stages of the siege. It lasted fourteen days, and the enemy strengthened its positions daily. Or it may be that Lindeström, wishing to show the folks at home how overwhelmingly were the odds against the defenders, added a few imaginary guns, a few men in buckram. At all events it may be safely said that never was fortress more completely invested.

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At last Rising was convinced that Stuyvesant's intentions were hostile. He rolled five barrels of beer into the fort and called a council of war.

A survey of their internal condition yielded only discouragement. The walls of the fort were as usual in poor condition. The soldiers were disheartened, even mutinous, some had deserted. Their best men had been sent to Trefaldighet where they had proved not so good after all. Nearly all their powder had gone down the River, too. There was in Christina enough for one round for each gun. The beer was the only cheering thing in sight. The council resolved on a policy of masterly inactivity.

The Dutch, on the contrary, were incessantly active. They killed the settlers' cattle and swine, plundered their houses. They went up to Printzhof and carried off all its portable contents, much having been stored there by the people at Christina for safe-keeping. The Indians, now, by the arrival of a people stronger than their sworn blood-brothers, felt themselves absolved from their oaths of fidelity and entered heartily into this carnival of loot. It was not very amusing to the Swedes to look out over the northwest wall. The river view was much more pleasant.

"The enemy continued to carry on their approaches day and night," says Rising, "and, with our little force of about thirty men, we could make no sorties or prevent him from gaining positions from which he could command the sconce so completely that there was not a spot on the rampart where a man could stand in security."

After five days Rising made a move. He sent a deputation of three to argue with Stuyvesant, to refute his claims, to decline to surrender, to demand a withdrawal of the Dutch troops, to threaten Holland with a declaration of war by Sweden, to suggest a reference of all disputes to their respective home offices and, finally, to remind him that they

were so closely related in religion that they ought to be friends, with a peroration to the effect that America was large enough for both. Certainly this was a daring move on Rising's part, which, if it had succeeded, would have been hailed as a stroke of genius.

But it did not succeed. Though van Elswyck labored with Stuyvesant in three hours of argument, demands, threats and appeals, the Dutchman was unshaken. He had his orders. That was his only reply. The only thing for the Swedes to do now was to tap another barrel and hold another council of war.

After that there were more conferences between the opposing forces. Rising and Stuyvesant met in no-man's land and discussed the news of the day, but with no definite results. Every day Stuyvesant sent a new demand for surrender. On the tenth day of the siege he required submission before sunset of the next day, making "great threats." And still not a shot had been fired on either hand, though the Dutchmen had completed their work of devastation outside the fort by burning Christinahamn to the ground.

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On the twelfth day, after "a general council of the whole garrison" had voted unanimously in favor of it, Rising made his final desperate move. He surrendered everything. The same honorable terms as in the case of Trefaldighet were drawn up, but a stipulation as to the Swedes' subsequent liberty was not this time overlooked. They were to be permitted to leave the country without hindrance, and to have free passage to Gothenburg if they wished. A year and a half was allowed them to dispose of their property. Those who preferred could remain on the River subject to the Dutch and were to enjoy religious liberty, "the privilege of the Augsburg Confession."

There was another and a secret article under which Rising and van Elswyck should be landed either in England or France and Rising was to have "advanced" to him the sum of "three hundred pounds Flanders."

In "a large and beautiful tent" erected between Christina and the Stuyvesant's own battery, the two commanders and their staffs met, and there, with pomp and panoply, circumstance and dignity befitting the occasion, hands were set and seals affixed to the articles of surrender. "All the cannon were discharged in the camp, on Fort Christina and the ships." The garrison, "about thirty men," marched out of the fort with the usual ceremony. The Dutch flag was hoisted over it and the great war was over. And what an exemplary conflict it had been and how worthy of emulation, for not a drop of blood had been spilt, except those lost by a Swedish deserter from Trefaldighet, who, while climbing over the palisades, was shot in the leg by one of his fellows.

The curtain had fallen on the last act of the war, but there was yet to be played a curious comic afterpiece.

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On the next day in the morning "General Stijfvesandt," as Lindeström writes his name, "came stilting on his wooden leg to us"—the Swedish officers still quartered in Christina—and made a most unexpected proposal. It was nothing less than an offer to hand the just-captured fort back to the Swedes, to make an offensive and defensive league with them, the Dutch to be left undisturbed at Casimir, the Swedes to hold all the River northward from Christina, and all his acts of aggression to be "forgotten and forgiven" because "the country was large enough for them both."

Rising was astonished and he was suspicious of these Greeks bearing gifts. He took the matter under advisement

and on the following day answered that, by unanimous vote of his council, the offer was declined. A truly extraordinary proposal it was and fully as strange seems the reply, yet there were good reasons for both.

The Indians on the North River were off the reservation. Hardly had Stuyvesant's fleet sailed from Manhattan when "many armed savages" descended upon the town, entered houses, stole what they could find, shot a man here and tomahawked another there. They were driven back, but they fell upon Pavonia and Hoboken, killing and burning. Within a day or two after the surrender of Trefaldighet Stuyvesant had received a letter from the Council of New Amsterdam asking him to reflect whether his force might not be more needed at home than "to subdue those places." "It seems to us," they wrote, "better to protect one's own house than to gain one at a distance and lose the old property." Again they had written urging him to make terms with Rising and "to come here by first opportunity with the ships and troops to preserve what is left . . . for we and the citizens must all stand [guard] and are harassed day and night with expeditions, watches, rounds, and helping to save the cattle and corn."

He knew that he and most of his forces must speedily return to Manhattan. If he left but weak garrisons at Casimir and Christina, might not the Swedes rise against them and recover all they had lost? Better it would be to ensure half the fruits of his victory than lose all. Hence his offer to return Christina to the Swedes.

The reasons for Rising's refusal of his offer were given in a report to the Company. Rising and his men had, they thought, no authority to make an alliance with the Dutch nor to waive the rights of the Swedish Crown to claim damages for these injuries. Also, with so much of their cattle killed and so many plantations laid waste, the colony



could no longer support itself, and, finally, it would be a disgraceful thing to re-occupy a fort which they had been unable to defend.

Sufficient or not, these reasons prevailed. The goods in the fort belonging to the Company and to the Crown were inventoried and stored away. The settlers who were to remain swore allegiance to the Dutch and returned to their farms. The others, with Rising, his officers and soldiers, embarked in the ships, and on October eleventh 1655 the fleet set sail. So ended New Sweden.

## 28: OF THE LAST OF THE SWEDISH GOVERNORS

**J**ohan Classon Rising is entitled to the distinction of being the last of the Governors of New Sweden, and it has been the fashion to say that he achieved this eminence by his own fault, his "misdirected zeal." The blame for the downfall of the Swedes on the Delaware has been laid on his shoulders because, contrary to his formal instructions to secure the river for the Swedes "without hostility," he took Fort Casimir by force. His forcible taking of Casimir undoubtedly fired the train that caused the final explosion which blew New Sweden off the map. If he had let the Dutch alone in Casimir, they would almost certainly have let him hold Christina and the River up to Sankikan. So much is true, but it remains to be considered whether he is

justly censurable for going beyond his formal instructions.

In judging him, the most important historian of the colony, when he lays the blame for New Sweden's debacle on Rising's "misdirected zeal" in taking Casimir, fails to mention that Axel Oxenstierna was not averse to the use of force to rid the River of the Dutch, that Rising knew this and, moreover, that Rising had a letter from Eric Oxenstierna telling him that this was "an opportunity for action, which it would be culpable to neglect." Was he not then justified in believing that those "formal instructions," so peaceful in language and in apparent intent, were really meant for the public's consumption, as a means of saving face for Sweden, if he tried to make a forcible entry and failed, or, succeeding, any untoward consequences ensued? Was he not fairly entitled to understand that "action" was what his employers really wanted and that his orders really were, "Go get the goods, peaceably, if you can, but—go get the goods!" Such secret glosses upon open instructions are not unknown in diplomacy, and one may well acquit Rising of any fault in carrying out what appeared to be the real intention of his overlords.

Rising was an educated man, a product of the gymnasium at Linköping and the University of Upsala. He had traveled extensively on the European continent and spent some time as a student at Leyden, a stipendiary of the Swedish government studying commerce and trade. He was the first secretary of the College of Commerce, which office he resigned when he was sent to New Sweden. After his return to Sweden in 1655 he held other offices. He planned and partly wrote an elaborate *Treatise on Commerce*; an abstract of it was published in 1671, the first work on trade and economics published in Sweden. It has been said of him by a Swedish historian that he was far ahead of his time and that many of the reforms in the principles of trade that he proposed

have been since accomplished. He was the founder of the doctrine of free trade in Sweden. His *Relations* and *Journals* of his life and work in America are valuable sources of the history of New Sweden.

As an administrator he seems to have been effective, though his rule on the Delaware was too short to allow for large achievement. Judging by what he did in the sixteen months of his stay it is reasonable to suppose that he would have been a successful governor.

In attempting to estimate his character as an honest straightforward official, one is confronted by uncomfortable suspicions about the "secret article" in the terms of capitulation, whereby Stuyvesant agreed to land Rising either in England or France instead of sending him directly back to Gothenburg and to "advance" him personally three hundred pounds Flanders currency. For the repayment of this "advance," Rising pledged the property of the Swedish Crown and of the Company. Why was this article secret? It was undoubtedly secret. Although Rising protested that it was made with the knowledge of his people and signed "in their presence on the place of parol," there can be little doubt that its contents were undisclosed. The publicity of the signing is of no importance at all. Why did Rising want to be set down in England or France instead of Sweden? What right had he to pledge public property for a private debt? On what ground did the whole transaction stand? These are troublesome questions. The whole affair has the aspect of bribery, and, when it appears that the "advance" was never repaid and Stuyvesant had to sell this public property to recover the "advance," one's suspicions are redoubled.

In Rising's defense it may be urged that he had received no salary for his services in America and that the Company owed him money besides, and that in fact he never was able to collect his dues. Against this is the claim of the Com-

pany that he was actually in its debt to the amount of several thousand dalers. On the whole the best one can do for Rising's character, in this respect, is not too good. The affair of the secret "advance" has too many questionable aspects.

One may, however, pity the man's subsequent misfortune. He was without steady gainful employment for the last twelve years of his life. Much of the time he lived in the most miserable way with barely enough food and clothing to keep him alive and warm. He was always in debt and in danger of imprisonment, saved from it only by charity. Through all this time his one ambition was to complete his great *Treatise* and, though it was often too cold in his wretched quarters to permit him to write, and even in summer he was too poor to buy books or even paper and ink, he struggled to complete it. At the age of fifty-five the last of the Governors of New Sweden died in a miserable hovel, entirely destitute.

## 29: OF THE RESULTS

While all this was happening in New Sweden, back home, in the old country, great preparations were being made for strengthening the colony. Charles X, who had succeeded Christina on the throne, was interested in its welfare. With his encouragement the Company was reorganized with new capital and another expedition was planned. The ship *Mercurius* was fitted out. On November 10 1655 two

months after Trefaldighet and Casimir had surrendered, she sailed with a new commander, Johan Papegoja, an old commissary, Hendrick Huygen, a clergyman, "Rev. Mathias," a barber-surgeon, Hans Jancke, Rising's younger brother, Johan, and a hundred and ten colonists, mostly Finns. Two months later, while the ship was still on the high seas, came the shocking news of New Sweden's downfall, that there was no New Sweden any more, but now only New Netherland.

What was to be done? Charles was too busily engaged in a war with Poland to start another with the Dutch. Only paper weapons were available to the Company. Protests, demands for restitution and indemnity were despatched to the States General of the United Netherlands, without results. For twenty years or more the matter was tossed about between the two countries, but nothing has been heard of it in the last two hundred and fifty years.

Meanwhile on the River the conquest made little difference to the sturdy Swedish farmers, artisans, and housewives busy with their farms, their shops, and their homes. Those who lived down around Casimir were told by their new Dutch commander, Captain Dirck Smidt, that they might remain as freemen if they would swear allegiance to the new government, which they did and then went about their business the same as before.

But much the greater number of them, "at least two hundred," lived up the River, above Christina. To them the change of government was hardly noticeable. They were a long way, "two or three leagues," from the new capital, Casimir. Their old leaders were Gregorius van Dyck, Captain Sven Sküte, and Lieutenant Elias Gyllengren. Quite naturally they set up a sort of extra-legal system of self-government. Sküte was still captain, Anders Dalbo was lieutenant, and Jacob Swennson ensign. Van Dyck became



sheriff, Olof Stille, Matts Hansson, Peter Rambo, and Peter Cock officiated as magistrates. Stuyvesant, a practical man desirous of peace, tacitly acquiesced in this irregular régime, the fact of the matter being that the Dutch, outnumbered as they were in this part of their territory, did not dare object to what the Swedes did. So though New Sweden was officially dead, unofficially it was as alive and as vigorous as ever.

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To the Dutchmen at Casimir, never wholly free from fear of a Swedish rebellion, the fourteenth of March 1656 was a day of appalling possibilities. On that day the *Mercurius*, with its crew of twenty and its passenger list of 110 new immigrants, dropped anchor before Casimir. At the news of what was now at hand, the Dutch Vice Director's jaw dropped. Here were enough of those dreaded Swedes and Finns to capture both forts and retake the whole territory. Detaining the ship under the guns of the fort, he hurried the bad news to Stuyvesant. Back came orders, these new people must not be allowed to land. They might come up to New Amsterdam, where they would be safely outnumbered by the Dutch, or they might go home again, but land down there they must not.

Huygen, however, thought otherwise. It was his business to discharge his passengers and cargo on the River; that he meant to do and, by a stratagem, he so did. The *Mercurius* was boarded in friendly wise by some of the Swedish settlers and a number of Indians, "who were fond of the Swedes," then up came the anchor and away sailed the ship to Tinicum, without Casimir daring to fire a shot for fear of killing some of the mixed party and so starting a war in which white man and red man would join to erase the Dutch entirely.

Stuyvesant had sought to support his orders by a show of force. The *Waegh*, with troops aboard, came down to the River, but nothing untoward happened. She ran aground on a shoal and there, impotent and immovable, she hung until some Swedes were induced to help her off and to pacify the Indians, who were threatening her as an enemy of their good friends the Swedes. After that, seeing that the *Mercurius* had already landed her people, there was nothing to do but go back to New Amsterdam.

All of this trepidation that gave the Dutch wakeful nights was, of course, pure funk. There was never the slightest chance of a Swedish uprising or of violence of any sort on their part. In all America at that time there could not have been found a more peaceful, law-abiding group of colonists. Intent only on tilling their farms, clearing more land, taming the wilderness, and establishing themselves as permanent residents in this new country, their strongest desire was to be allowed to live in peace with all men. They co-operated willingly with the Dutch in all measures for the common good and, in the course of time, by use and custom, by intermarriage and by the unifying effect of a common subjection to an alien nation, the English, these two elements of the River's population were amalgamated. In the further course of time, intermarriage of both Dutch and Swedes with the English settlers blended the three races in a common strain so they became one people—they were all Americans.

## 30: OF LOG CABINS AND WOODEN SPOONS

**T**he population of New Sweden, that is to say its permanent population, exclusive of such temporary visitors as officials and clergymen, was almost without exception of the peasant class. They were crude, rude, strong, hardy tillers of the soil, physically well fitted to withstand the hardships of the voyage and to endure the toil of subduing a wilderness and creating for themselves a comfortable environment. Penn describes those who were here when he came, as "a plain strong industrious people . . . proper and strong of body, so that they have fine children and almost every house full. . . . I see few young men more sober and industrious."

The first houses built by them were log cabins of one room that served all the uses of the household. They had no glass, the windows being merely small openings closed against the weather by slide-boards. The fire was built on the earthen floor, and the smoke found its way out through an opening in the roof. A heap of straw on the floor served for a bed, a sheepskin for covering. A crude table built against the wall and sections of logs for stools completed the furnishings of these primitive dwellings.

As they increased in substance the settlers were able to house themselves more comfortably. The later-built houses were somewhat larger, divided into two or three rooms, with a loft above which served as a storehouse and an additional bedroom or guest chamber. A few were two stories

in height. Chimneys carried off the smoke from fireplaces of brick or stone, with ovens built into them. Some had one or more glazed windows. An extension of the roof sloped down to cover a front stoop.

Their furnishings too were elaborated. Bunks were constructed to hold straw mattresses. Chairs were made out of hollow tree-trunks, a part of the shell projecting above the seat and forming a back. Movable tables, benches, chests and other such simply contrived pieces were added.

The most elaborate private residence was Printzhof on Tinicum Island, "very splendid and well built, with a pleasure garden, summer-house and other such things," says Lindeström. It was not built of brick, as has been erroneously stated, however. There were not more than ten thousand bricks imported during the whole life of New Sweden, and there were none made there. No such house could be built of ten thousand bricks. Those that were brought were used in fireplaces and chimneys. Printzhof was undoubtedly a wooden structure, probably of hewn timbers. It was two stories high, with several rooms, and sawed boards, brought on the *Fama*, were used for floors, doors and other interior finish. Its windows were of glass.

On Timber Island near the mouth of Fiske Kill—Brandywine—Rising built him a house, "with two stories and a dwelling as well as a cellar below it," a description that seems to need an explanatory diagram. It probably rivaled Printz's.

There were other buildings, such as barns, stables and storehouses, all built of logs, and there were bath-houses, bathing their bodies being a habit among both Swedes and Finns, a habit that made them a peculiar people among their European contemporaries. Moreover, the method of their ablutions called for a display of hardihood, not to say heroism.

Their bath-houses were small windowless cabins with fire-places, in which very hot fires induced a temperature of 150° Fahrenheit. Water poured on heated stones filled the air with steam. In this genial atmosphere it was customary for family groups with invited friends to remain stark naked for half an hour—really conscientious performers made it a full hour—beating their bare flesh the while with besoms of twigs. Then emerging lobster-red, in an outside temperature perhaps near zero, if it were winter, they rolled themselves in snow, or in summer plunged into a cold stream. A Swedish bath was at once a hygienic exercise, a social function and a valorous deed.

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The household utensils, plates, cups, spoons, bowls and that sort of thing, were mostly of wood, but iron and tin pots, cups of tin and horn, some crockery-ware and iron knives were imported. Forks for eating were unknown.

For lighting at night tallow candles were used, also splints of resinous pine about three feet long were stuck into crevices between the logs or into iron "stick-holders" and ignited. Such a splint would burn for several minutes and yield about equal amounts of smoke and flame.

Their dress was chiefly of coarse woollen cloth, their shirts of linen, their stockings of felt, wool or linen, according to the season and the purse of the wearer. Their shoes were of coarse leather, of leather with wooden soles or entirely of wood, like the French *sabots*. Leather shoes were often home-made, a sort of cross between a shoe and a moccasin. Leather, either tanned or cured in Indian fashion, was easier to procure and more durable to wear than woollen cloth, so coats made of leather, buckskin or otter skins, and elk-skin breeches were later commonly worn.

Coming from a country where manufacturing was in its



infancy, the settlers were used to relying on their own hands and heads to supply their needs. They were, therefore, generally skilled in all kinds of manual arts. The men made their own wooden ploughs and harrows, rakes and hayforks, their furniture and kitchen equipment, and indeed, practically every implement used on the farm and in the house. The women wove, knitted and sewed and did every sort of household chore. They were a self-reliant, self-sufficient lot of people.

For meat they had venison and fish in plenty, pork from their imported swine that ran wild and prospered in the forests, and beef in increasing quantity as their first few cattle grew in numbers. There were also wild turkeys and other game birds in profusion. They soon learned to use maize and came largely to rely on it for bread baked in Indian style in the ashes. Their vegetables were peas, beans and turnips. Beer was the customary everyday beverage, with brandy for social or festal occasions. From the abundance of wild grapes they made wine.

\* \* \* \* \*

During Rising's brief administration they began opening roads between the settlements, doubtless connecting Trefal-dighet, Christina, and Upland. Before that there were only paths for horsemen and footmen, impassable for wheeled vehicles. Travel by land was laborious and inconvenient. The best highways were the river and its affluent streams. Sailboats, rowboats and canoes made by hollowing logs, after the Indian manner, were their means of transport. For this reason their settlements and plantations were strung along the waterside. The River, which now separates New Jersey from Delaware, then brought its east and west banks into convenient adjacency. It was far easier to sail across it than to travel an equal distance on land.

These Swedish settlers lived hard lives, but they had been used to conditions hardly less difficult in their own country. Indeed, once they had cleared their land of its forest growth, the fertility of this new soil and the friendliness of this new climate made life for them vastly easier than it had been in Sweden.

Ignorant, very largely entirely illiterate, they had no mental need that the society of their own kind could not supply. The amenities of life in more sophisticated communities they did not know and therefore did not desire. When their physical needs were satisfied they were content. To work on their farms six days and to spend most of the seventh listening to sermons and singing hymns, that rounded out the simple program of a satisfying week. They were, in short, stuff most suitable for pioneering in a wilderness, and most of them soon took root and thrived and prospered.

### 31: OF PREACHING AND PREACHERS

**T**heir religion was a matter of the most vital importance to these people, as it was to all European peoples of that time. The voice of Martin Luther had been stilled by death nearly a century before the first Swedes came to the Delaware, but the thunder of his hammer-blows, nailing the ninety-five theses on the door of the church at Wittenberg, still echoed through all Europe. John Calvin had lain in his

grave at Geneva for seventy years, but his Institutes of the Christian Religion were yet altogether alive. The Thirty Years' War between the Catholics and Protestants had concerned many nations and no nation more than that whose king had stayed the onrush of the power of Rome and had fallen on the field of battle. Religion was for them the most important thing in life. Variations and divergences from the belief prevailing in any given community, such as in minor matters would have been thought non-essential, even trifling, were regarded as extremely important. When you call a religious opinion a "heresy" and feel thereby justified in burning its professor at the stake, you have made it a serious matter.

The Swedes were Protestants, moreover they were Lutherans "according to the Augsburg Confession," and they were watchful of any intrusion of Calvinistic adulteration into their one and only true religion. The Dutch were Protestants, too, but not Lutherans. Their one and only true faith was Calvinistic. To each the other was heretic, though somewhat less certainly hell-bent than the Roman Catholics, whom both Swedes and Dutch firmly believed to be damned beyond possibility of pardon. No stakes were planted, however, no faggots piled in the market place of Christinahamn after the Conquest. It was stipulated in the terms of Rising's surrender and agreed by Stuyvesant that the Swedes, who remained on the Delaware should continue to "enjoy the privilege of the Augsburg Confession and a person to instruct them therein."

Soon after the arrival of Director Hollandaer in 1640 a little church was built at Fort Christina, in which Rev. Reorus Torkillus, the first of the Swedish clergymen, held services until his death in 1643. Rev. Israel Fluviander had come with Printz earlier in that year and was stationed first

at Fort Elfsborg. After the death of Torkillus, Fluviander was transferred to Christina where he remained until his return to Sweden in 1647.

\* \* \* \* \*

The best known of the Swedish clerics of this period was Rev. Johan Campanius, surnamed Holm from his birthplace, Stockholm, who also came with Printz. He had a house at Upland, and at New Gothenburg "a handsome wooden church" was built for him in 1646. He was a man of education and character and was the first of these clergymen to take seriously the intention first expressed in the prospectus of the first Swedish General Trading Company more than twenty years before and repeated in subsequent charters and orders, the intention of spreading the Gospel among the natives, "heretofore living in abominable heathenish idolatry and all manner of ungodliness." "He was very zealous in learning the nature of the country and the language of its heathen inhabitants," says Rev. Israel Acrelius. "During all this time he had constant intercourse with the wild people." He compiled a vocabulary of the language of the Indians on the river and translated Luther's Shorter Catechism into their tongue.

"The Indians were frequent visitors at my grandfather's house," says Thomas Campanius Holm. "When, for the first time, he performed divine service in the Swedish congregation, they came to hear him, and greatly wondered that he had so much to say, and that he stood alone, and talked so long, while all the rest were listening in silence." Evidently they could conceive of no reasonable excuse for such a pow-wow but that it was a council of war, and that this white medicine man was making bad medicine for his red brothers. "They thought everything was not right, and that some con-

spiracy was going forward amongst us; in consequence of which my grandfather's life and that of the other priests were, for some time, in considerable danger."

They questioned Campanius, and he undertook to teach them the principal doctrines of the Christian theology, the belief in One God, the Mystery of the Trinity, the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Immaculate Conception and the Mission of Christ, the Redemption, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Second Coming of Christ and the Last Judgment. "They had great pleasure in hearing these things at which they greatly wondered . . . he succeeded so far that many of those barbarians were converted to the Christian faith, or, at least, acquired so much knowledge of it that they were ready to exclaim, as Capt. John Smith relates of the Virginia Indians, that so far as the cannons and guns of the Christians exceeded the bows and arrows of the Indians, so far was their God superior to that of the Indians." But it does not appear that, in spite of their admiration and wonder, they left off paying their devoirs to their own Manetto.

Campanius returned to Sweden in 1648. He was succeeded at Upland by Rev. Matthias Nertunius, who had first attempted the voyage in the doomed *Katt* and was among the few survivors who regained their native land. His courage and persistence are proven by his setting out again with Rising in the *Örn*. His stay was short, he went home with Rising in 1655. He was generally esteemed the best preacher of this group.

With him in the *Örn* was Rev. Peter Hjort, whose charge was at Fort Trefaldighet after its capture from the Dutch. Rising esteemed him "both materially and spiritually a poor priest." When the fort was retaken his presence in the colony was undesired by its Dutch captors. One heretical Lutheran preacher was all they thought allowable and he was sent home.



The one clergyman permitted to remain to instruct the Swedes in their heterodoxy, after the Swedish power was broken by the Dutch, was Lars Karlsson Lock. But it was a custom of the time for learned men to Latinize or Hellenize their names, and, as the German theologian, Schwarzerd, had changed his name to Melanchthon, so this gentleman called himself by the mellifluous title of Laurentius Carolus Lockenius.

The Swedes took their religion seriously and sustained a burden of ministration that required manful endurance. The regular order of High Mass began with the singing of a psalm. Then the minister kneeling before the high altar confessed his sins. After that he gave a "short admonition to his flock" and read the general confession of sins, followed by a prayer. Responsive readings, a psalm, more responsive readings and the epistle for the day led up to another psalm sung by the congregation and then the reading of the Apostles' Creed. Another psalm prefaced the sermon, and another the Holy Communion. Then another psalm, the Nicene Creed, a hymn and the benediction. This program lasted about four hours each Sunday morning.

The law required three services, morning, afternoon and evening every Sunday in cities, but only one in the country. Whether its rigor was applied in such settlements as that on Tinicum Island, regarded as a city, is not known, but, if not, there was yet no lack of opportunities for worship.

On the principal holidays, Christmas, Easter and Pentecost, services were held at four in the morning, ending about eight. These were followed by High Mass, as hereinbefore outlined, and this by an afternoon service. Besides these, services were held on three other days before and after Christmas and Pentecost and for a whole week at Easter.

The minor holidays, New Year, Epiphany, Candlemas Day, the day of Annunciation, Good Friday, Ascension

Day, the Visitation of Our Lady, St. Michael's Day, the day of All Saints and two or three solemn prayer days, were celebrated by church services, all the people refraining from work. The twelve Days of the Apostles, Holy Thursday and certain *Gangdagar* (Traveling Days), on which during their work the people "went about and read prayers," had their special observances, but only one sermon was preached on these days, after which they might work.

And that was not all. Every Wednesday and Friday there were sermons and on all other week days morning and evening prayers and psalm singing.

One is not surprised to find the Rev. Johan Campanius, after nearly five years of such ministration, praying for a recall, because he could not longer endure "the hard labor here." And perhaps a reasonable excuse can be found for the action of Rev. Matthias Nertunius, who, when in September 1654 an additional day of "prayer and fasting with services" was proclaimed in the colony, called the whole thing off, for which deed of desperation he was censured by the Council.

## 32: OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWEDES

**D**uring most of the quarter of a century beginning with their first attempt at Zwaanendael, the Dutch had con-

tinued to keep a more or less precarious toehold on the River here and there, as at Nassau and Beversreede, even for a short time an apparently secure foothold at Casimir, but their posts and forts had always been threatened, if not actually taken from them, by the Swedes. Never had they been in control. Fort Casimir by its position had seemed the dominating factor in the life and commerce on the River, but the ease with which Rising took it proved its insecurity. Now for the first time the blue, white and orange banner of the States-General could be flown without challenge from any masthead between the Capes and the falls at Sankikan. The Dutch ruled the Delaware.

This fact having been accomplished by the capture of Casimir and Christina, Stuyvesant was faced by two pressing duties. He had to remove the dangerous elements of the Swedish population, the officers and soldiers, from the conquered territory, and he had to get back to Manhattan as soon as possible.

Ten days before the fall of Christina the long-restrained fury of the Indians had burst upon the Dutch on the North River. A hundred colonists had been killed, a hundred and fifty captured. The homes and farmsteads of three hundred had been ravaged and burned. The fort and the town of New Amsterdam were crowded with terror-stricken fugitives. Stuyvesant was needed to still the tumult and quell the panic. He hurried home.

Rising and his men lingered long enough to court-martial Sven Sküte for surrendering Casimir without firing a shot. One would suppose that it must have been a little embarrassing to Rising to preside at such a trial. At all events Sküte was able to present a statement signed by Lieut. Gyllengren, Constable Andersson and others exonerating him from all blame, and he was not convicted. Five days later the *Waegh* took on board the officers and soldiers and all the settlers

who elected to go back to Sweden and carried them to New Amsterdam.

For three weeks the departing Swedes, thirty-seven of them, lingered in New York. Here Rising fought the last and most hotly contested battle of the Sueco-Dutch War. He opened with a volley of protests, accusations and complaints, charging Stuyvesant with violations of the articles of capitulation in leaving the surrendered public property unprotected and in failing to provide Rising and his suite with accommodations in New Amsterdam suitable to their station.

Stuyvesant replied by reminding him that he had offered to restore Christina to the Swedes, who could have protected its contents if they had accepted the offer. As to the quality of lodgment afforded the Swedes, he submitted first, that he was not bound to lodge them at all; second, that they had "decent board" and lodging on that "most excellent ship," the *Waegh*; third, that he had offered Rising "the accommodations and table" of his own residence "and humble circumstances" and, on his refusing, had quartered him in "one of the most principal private houses of this City"; fourth, that Rising on landing had "in an intemperate manner" insulted Stuyvesant "by many threats of going to prosecute" him; fifth, that Rising had, "in a passionate manner," threatened to come back and "ravage and plunder this place," and had thus made the skippers of the ships so "circumspect and uneasy" that they were unwilling to land him in England or France "agreeable to the secret and separate capitulation made without the knowledge of your troops."

This last and most shrewd thrust, no doubt, struck home for Rising came back with a broadside. He charged the Dutch army with barbarity in plundering Tornaborg, Upland, Finland, Printzdorp and other places, "not to speak of the deeds done about Fort Christina, where the females

have been partly dragged out of their houses by force, whole buildings torn down, even hauled away, oxen, cows, pigs and other animals daily slaughtered in large numbers; even the horses not spared but shot wantonly, the plantations devastated and everything thereabouts treated in such a way, that our victuals have been mostly spoiled, carried away, or lost somehow," and the people left "without means of defense, like sheep, to the wild barbarians." Then he denied that the "secret capitulation" was secret at all, but made with the knowledge of the Swedes and "signed by your Honor in their presence," which last may be true enough, that is that it was openly signed, but that its contents were secret there can be little doubt.

Stuyvesant made no reply, and a few days later two ships, the *Beer-Bear*—and the *Bonte Coe*—Spotted Cow—sailed from New Amsterdam with orders to land Rising and Elswyck in either England or France and the rest of the soldiers at Gothenburg. Rising went ashore at Plymouth. At London he reported the fall of New Sweden to the Swedish ambassador, and there he received from a London merchant on Stuyvesant's order the three hundred pounds Flanders promised by the "secret article."

## 33: OF THE REASONS WHY

**T**he Dutch held the River and ruled their colony until the year 1664. In that year the English made good their



claim to ownership of the Hudson and the Delaware River valleys by taking from the Dutch first Manhattan and then Fort Casimir and the Fort on the Christina. Thus the name of New Amsterdam was erased from the map of America, as the name of New Sweden had been by its conquest by the Dutch. Thereafter neither the King of Sweden nor the States-General of the United Provinces held a square foot of North American soil. For more than twenty-five years the Swedes and, for nearly a half century, the Dutch had labored to establish permanent national possessions in the New World and all their effort had come to naught. Their colonies were failures, and the reasons why they were failures are not far to seek.

There are certain essential requisites to success in colonizing permanently a new and wild country. There must be, in the parent country, a large number of people desirous of leaving their homeland for good, willing emigrants having a fixed and stable purpose of creating a permanent home in the new country. They must be ready and able to endure the hardships necessarily incident to the taming of a wilderness and competent to establish an environment suited to their needs and standards of living. They must be capable of supporting themselves from the start, or else supplied from the homeland until they become self-supporting. They must be numerous enough to defend themselves from external aggression, or else protected during the period of their infancy and weakness by their national government. In nearly all these essentials both the Swedish and Dutch colonies on the Delaware were fatally deficient.

To arouse a sufficiently widespread desire to emigrate, many causes have operated in the successfully colonizing countries: overcrowded populations, exhaustion of the soil or other national wealth of the home country, governmental oppression, religious persecution, desire for betterment of

economic or social conditions, eagerness for change arising from natural restlessness and inborn spirit of adventure. Not one of these causes was operative in Sweden nor in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Sweden the population was notably sparse, there being hardly more than three people to the square mile. The country was rich in undeveloped natural resources. The people enjoyed political freedom under popular rulers of their own election. There were no religious difficulties. The economic condition of the individual was generally satisfactory, and, while there were sharp class distinctions between the nobility and the peasantry, the great bulk of the people were socially equal among themselves and unenvious of their betters. Intensely patriotic, attached to their own soil, ignorant of the outside world, they were unstirred by ambition and undesirous of change.

Of all European peoples there was none less likely than the Swedes to feel the urge toward emigration. As a colonizing country, Sweden was in this respect in the lowest class. There was bound to be a sad deficiency in the quantity of colonizing material, the number of people desiring to emigrate. There was bound to be a long protracted period of numerical weakness until, by a slow process of occasional additions and natural increase, the colony became populous. During this period it would need to be constantly supported and energetically defended by its home government. Otherwise its deficiency in numbers must be fatal.

New Sweden was weak in numbers, absurdly weak at times. With a population of seventy men and a few women and children, in 1652 and 1653, it pretended to hold both sides of Delaware Bay and River from the capes to the falls, more than two hundred and fifty miles of coast line with

an unlimited hinterland, a position utterly untenable in the face of any challenge, unless continuously supported and strongly defended by old Sweden. And from old Sweden it received neither adequate support nor valid defense.

The old country, during almost the whole life of the colony, was engaged in its various wars. Its money power and its man power were always being drained to the dregs to carry on its really vast military operations. All faces were turned eastward, looking to Denmark and Poland, Germany and Russia, where the wars raged. A few, Oxenstierna and Fleming for two, gave heed now and then to the call of their only colony, but every one else turned to the west a cold shoulder and a deaf ear. Even in time of peace there was little done. Christina was too busy with her philosophers and her dancing masters.

When the challenge came with Stuyvesant's demand for surrender, New Sweden was too weak to resist, and old Sweden too unconcerned to do more than protest.

On the other hand—and herein lay the irony of the situation—as colonizing material the Swedes and Finns were of the best quality. Physically vigorous, they withstood hardship. Inured to toil, they subdued the wilderness. Used to rough living, they faced rude conditions with equanimity. Accustomed to agriculture, they developed prosperous farms. Intent on permanent occupation, they struck their roots deep in the soil. Serious of purpose, they were undaunted by obstacles. Self-reliant, they thrived individually, in spite of neglect. These sturdy peasants were ideal pioneers.

But even if there had been larger numbers of colonists, thousands of them, backed by the whole-hearted support of the Swedish government, the effort to maintain New Sweden permanently would probably have failed, as did the effort of the Dutch to maintain New Netherland. To the north and east was New England, to which English colonists

were swarming; to the south were Maryland and Virginia filling up year by year with Englishmen. In 1664, when the English took New Netherland, there were ten thousand people in that colony, but in New England there were fifty thousand and in Maryland and Virginia another fifty thousand. New England claimed all the land down to the 38th parallel, the latitude of the Potomac. Maryland claimed up to the 40th parallel, the latitude of Philadelphia, and both of them were strong enough to make good their claims.

No effort that the Swedes and, after them, the Dutch could make would have been enough. From the north and from the south and overseas from the east the English, a restless dominating people, the colonizers of the world, were pushing in on the River valley. They were bound by their destiny to overflow and finally to submerge both Swedes and Dutch on the North American continent. New Sweden and New Netherland went the way of the weak in the struggle, which only the stronger survive.





# INDEX

- Amundsson, Capt. Hans, 76  
 Anders, the Finn, 89  
 Andersson, Constable, 147  
 Antigua, 75  
 Aspinwall Expedition, 62-63  
 Aspinwall, William, 62  
 Augsburg, 7, 49
- Bavaria, 7  
 Bennet, Gov., 111  
 Berkeley, Gov. William, 22  
 Bicker, Gerrit, 105, 106  
 Blommaert, Samuel, 16, 17  
 Bogaert, Johannes, 125  
 Bogaert, Joost van den, 40  
 Boije, Christer, 46, 58  
 Boer, Cornelius de, 107  
 Boomptiens Udde (Boomptjes Hoeck, Boompiers Hooek, Bombay Hook, etc.), 20, 39, 84  
 Boyer, ———, 66  
 Brahe, Gov., *quoted*, 52  
 Brandywine River, 19  
 Breitenfeld, Battle of, 6
- Calvin, John, 45, 141  
 Campanius Holm, Rev. Johan, 46; deals with Indians, 143, 144, 146  
 Campanius Holm, Thomas, *quoted*, 143  
 Canary Islands, 101, 102  
 Cape Henlopen, 39, 49, 50  
 Cape Hindlopen (*see* Cape Henlopen)  
 Cape May (Mey), 41  
 Carelia, 4  
 Charles I of England, 61  
 Charles X of Sweden, 133
- Christina of Sweden, 15, 20, 75; birth and education, 95-96; becomes queen, 96; fosters learning, 97; gayety of court, 97; impoverishes Sweden, 97; neglects New Sweden, 98; transfers to College of Commerce, 98; abdicates, dies, 98  
 Christina Kill (*see* Minquas Kill)  
 Christinahamn, founded, 108; burned, 126  
 Christoffer, Herr, 45, 48  
 Cobb's Creek, 66  
 Cock, Peter, 135  
 College of Commerce, 15  
 College of XIX (*see* West India Co.)  
 Colonization, requisites for successful, 156  
 Conninck, Capt. Frederick de, 116, 118, 125  
 Courland, 4  
 Cromwell, Oliver, *quoted*, 16
- Dalbo, Anders, 134  
 Delaware Co. of New Haven, 41  
 Delaware, State of, territory in 1609 described, 24-25; fauna and flora, 24-26; inhabitants, 26  
 Denmark, 4, 5, 6, 67  
 Descartes, 97  
 Dincklagen, Lubbertus van, 70  
 Dohna, Count, 97  
 Donck, Adriaen van der, 53-54  
 Dutch; oppose Swedes on River, 39; on South River, in despair, 53; expedition to South River, 82; allow trading on River, 86; concentrate at

Dutch (*continued*)

- Casimir, 86; fear of Swedes, 136; troubles of, 147  
Dyck, Gregorius van, 36, 46, 50, 134  
Eaton, Gov., 73  
Elswyck, Hendrick von, 111, 124, 127  
England, 6, 9  
English, intruders on River, 41; killed by Indians, 63; propose settlements on River, 73; halted by Stuyvesant, 73; of Maryland claim River, 112, 149  
Expeditions, Swedish, first, 18; second, 36; third, 40; fourth, 45; fifth, 47; sixth, 55; seventh, 67; eighth, 72; ninth, 74; tenth, 99; eleventh, 133  
Falmouth, 101  
Fauna and flora of River territory, 24  
Ferdinand of Bohemia, 4  
Field, Darby, 62  
Finland, 2, 9, 43  
Finns, racial origin, 43; characteristics of, 43-45; immigrants, 45, 46; in eleventh expedition, 133  
Fleming, Klas Larsson, 15; joins New Sweden Co., 15, 17; prepares second expedition, 36; reorganizes New Sweden Co., 46; dies, 98  
Fluviander, Rev. Israel, 142  
Forests, primeval, 24, 25  
Fort Altena (*see* Fort Christina)  
Fort Amsterdam, 49  
Fort Beversreede, 71; abandoned, 80  
Fort Casimir, built, 83; Dutch concentrate at, 83; 84; taken by

- Swedes, 105; named Trefaldighet, 106; repaired, 117; taken by Dutch, 121  
Fort Christina, built, 21; decays, 35; 37; rebuilt, 51, 56; first law court at, 58, 62; in 1648, 78, 87, 102; repaired, 108; taken by Dutch, 123-128  
Fort Elfsborg, built, 50, 52, 62; abandoned, 86; mosquitoes at, 86; 103, 105  
Fort Elsenburgh (*see* Fort Elfsborg)  
Fort Myggenborg (*see* Fort Elfsborg)  
Fort Nassau, 21, 22, 52, 62, 82; abandoned, 83  
Fort New Gothenburg, built, 50  
Fort New Korsholm, built, 67; abandoned, 86; burned, 108  
Fort Trefaldighet (*see* Fort Casimir)  
General Incorporated West India Co. (*see* West India Co.)  
General Trading Co. for Asia, etc. (*see* South Co.)  
Gorges, Sir Ferdinando, 61  
Gothenburg, 18, 45, 75, 100  
Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, sketch of, 3; military career, 4-7; his army, 5; enters Thirty Years' War, 6; successes, 4-7; death, 6; personal characteristics, 7, 8; charters South Co., 11; takes stock, 13; solicited for payment, 13  
Gyllengren, Lieut. Elias, 100, 105, 106, 118, 134, 147  
Hansson, Matts, 135  
Harmer, Gottfried, 57, 59  
Herrman, Augustine, 80  
Hjort, Rev. Peter, 113  
Holland, 6

- Hollandaer, Gov. Peter, appointed, 36; reports on colony, 38; buys land, 39; 46; succeeded by Printz, 48-49; goes home, 52
- Holm, Rev. Johan Campanius (*see* Campanius)
- Holm, Thos. Campanius (*see* Campanius)
- Hooghkamer, Hendrik, 39, 40
- Höök, Lieut. Sven, 124
- Hudde, Andreas, commissary at Fort Nassau, 64; buys land from Indians, 65; ejected, protests, 65, 67; builds blockhouse, 69; reports on Printz, 77; commissary at Nassau, 80; tried for disloyalty, 103, 106
- Hudson, Henry, discovers Delaware Bay, 10; *quoted*, 28, 29
- Huygen, Hendrick, 18, 38; commissary, 51, 52, 58; ejects Dutch, 65, 70; returns, 134
- Ilpendam, Jan Jansen van, 22; opposes Swedes, 39, 58, 59, 60, 64; expels English, 62
- Indians, tribal names, 26; described, 28-29; culture, 31-32; religion, 33; relations with Swedes, 33-34; peaceable, 33
- Indian Sachems:  
 Ackehorn, 85  
 Ahopemeck, 113  
 Chiton, 19  
 Elupacken, 19  
 Mahomen, 19  
 Mattahorn, 19, 20, 69, 82, 85  
 Mitatsimint, 19, 83  
 Peminacka, 82, 84, 113  
 Sinques, 85  
 Usquata, 41  
 Wehenset, 41  
 Wickusi, 39, 41, 59
- Ingolstadt, 7
- Ingria, 4
- Irving, Washington, *quoted*, 86
- Jacobsen, Hans, 71
- Jamestown, 22
- Janeke, Hans, 134
- Janssen, Capt. Pouwel, 36
- Jönsson, Anders, 89
- Joransen, Andrian, 18
- Kämpe, armorer, 120
- Karin, the Finnish woman, 44
- Kieft, Gov. Willem, warns Swedes off River, 22; complains of Swedes, 37, 66, 68
- Kinsessing (Kinsess), 78
- Kling, Lieut. Måns Nilsson, 18, 34, 38, 45, 48, 58, 62, 70
- Knickerbocker, Diedrich (*see* Irving, W.)
- Laet, Johannes de, *quoted*, 26
- Lamberton, George, intrudes, 41; arrested and tried, 57-59; complains to New Haven, 60
- Lane, Simon, 113
- Langdonk, Joost van, 36, 38, 39, 45
- Lasse, the Finn, 44
- Lech, River, Battle of, 7
- Leni-Lenape Indians, 27; character of, 27-34
- Lindeström, Peter Martensson, *quoted*, 28, 100, 102, 104, 121, 122, 128; lays out Christinahamn, 108; tried, 113; negotiates with Stuyvesant, 118
- Livonia, 4, 5, 9
- Lloyd, —, 112
- Lock, Rev. Lars Karlsson, 72, 113, 145
- Lockenius, Rev. Laurentius Carolus (*see* Lock)

- Luther, Martin, 141  
 Lützen, Battle of, 7
- Manhattan, purchase of, 17  
 Mary, Queen of England, 30  
 Mastmaker's Hook, 71  
 Matthaëi, Johannes, 96  
 Maurice of Nassau, Prince, 10  
 Mecklenburg, 6  
 Minquas Indians, 27; White and Black, 27  
 Minquas Kill, Swedes land on, 19; 20; called Elbe, then Christina, 21  
 Minit, Peter, joins New Sweden Co., 16; 17; lands at Minquas Kill, 19; buys land from Indians, 20; explores, 21; warned by Kieft, 22; death, 23  
 Minsi (Munsee), Indians, 27  
 Mispillion Creek, 19  
 Mölndal, built, 67; abandoned, 86  
 Montagne, Johannes la, 70  
 Munich, 7
- Narraticon's Kill, 41, 49  
 Nertunius, Rev. Matthias, 77, 113, 144, 146  
 New Haven, 41  
 New Sweden, established, 17; dwindles, 72; at its zenith, 77; numbers reduced, 87; unprosperous, 87; discontent in, 88; neglected by Christina, 98; controlled by College of Commerce, 98; controls River, 106; population increased, 107; desertions from, 108; renewed vigor, 108; end of, 130; character of colonists, 137; houses and equipment in, 137-140; highways in, 140; churches and preachers, 141; reasons for failure, 150
- New Sweden Company, organized, 17; buys land, 19; financial troubles of, 39; Dutch members withdraw from, 42
- Oxenstierna, Axel, 4, 15; joins South Co., 15; his character, 15; joins New Sweden Co., 15, 46; instructs Christina, 96; retires, 98  
 Oxenstierna, Eric, 99
- Papegoja, Armegot (*see* Printz, Armegot)  
 Papegoja, Lieut. Johan, 51, 52; marries Armegot Printz, 62; commander at Christina, 91; governor de facto, 91; 108; commands eleventh expedition, 134
- Papug, 41  
 Penn, William, *quoted*, 25, 27, 137  
 Poland, 4, 5  
 Pomerania, 6  
 Porto Rico, 75  
 Portugal, 9  
 Printz, Armegot, 62  
 Printz, Gustaf, 71, 88  
 Printz, Gov. Johan, arrives, 48-49; his instructions, 49, 50; builds Fort Elfsborg, 50; Fort New Gothenburg, 50; Printzhof, 51; blockhouses at Upland and Schuylkill, 51; develops colony, 51; swears in English at Varcken's Kill, 52; encourages agriculture, 55; as jurist, 56; tries Lamberton, 56-60; tries himself, 60; defeats Aspinwall expedition, 61-62; cows Indians, 62; expels Dutch traders, 64; hampers Hudde, 64; embargoes trade with Dutch, 66; builds Mölndal, 67; makes treaty with In-

- dians, 67; sends trading expedition, 67; buys land from Indians, 67; stops Dutch trading on River, 69; spurns Dutch embassy, 70; tries to resign, 72; master of River, 79; protests Indians' gift to Dutch, 83; forces reduced, 87; builds ships, 87; falls ill, 87; sends son to Sweden, 88; charges against, 88; hangs Anders Jönsson, 89; tired of job, 89-90; leaves America, 91; his character, 91-94; dealings with Indians, 94
- Printzhof, 51, 66, 70, 91, 126, 138
- Raccoon Creek, 41
- Rambo, Peter, 135
- Rasieres, de, *quoted*, 28
- Riga, 4
- Rising, Gov. Johan Classon, 100; arrives, 104; his instructions, 104; takes Casimir, 105; swears in Dutch, 106; controls River, 106; trades with English and Indians, 107; allots land, 107; becomes Director, 108; reforms laws, 110; builds house, 110; writes for wife, 112; denies Baltimore's claim, 112; denies English claim, 112; receives land from Indians, 112; prepares to fight Dutch, 117; negotiates with Stuyvesant, 126; surrenders Christina, 127; signs secret article, 128; refuses return of Christina, 128; leaves New Sweden, 149; character of, 130-133; court-martials Sküte, 147; quarrels with Stuyvesant, 148; describes ravages of Dutch, 147
- Rising, Johan, Jr., 134
- Riva, Gov. de la, 75
- Rocks, the, 19, 21
- Rudberus, Johan Jonsson, 77
- Russia, 4, 5, 9
- St. Cruz, 76
- St. Kitts, 22, 75, 76, 103
- St. Martin, 75
- Sankikan, 39, 49, 50, 54, 64, 67
- Schuylkill, 20, 21, 39; blockhouses at, 51; 54, 67, 78
- Ships:
- Abram's Offerhande*, 116
- Beer*, 149
- Bonte Coe*, 149
- Charitas*, 45
- Cock*, 57
- Diemen*, 111
- Dolphijs*, 116, 125
- Esperance*, 116
- Fama*, 46, 48, 52, 55
- Freedeburgh*, 40
- Groote Christoffel*, 15
- Gyllene Haj*, 67, 99, 100, 111
- Hollanse Tuijn*, 116
- Kalmar Nyckel*, 18, 19, 23, 36, 45, 74
- Katt*, 74, 75, 80, 144
- Koninck Salomon*, 105
- Liefde*, 116
- Mercurius*, 133, 135
- Örn*, 99, 100, 144
- Prinses Royael*, 116
- Spegell* (*see Dolphijs*)
- Swan*, 46, 48, 52
- Swarte Arent*, 105
- Vogel Grip*, 18, 22
- Waegh*, 116, 125, 136
- Ship Company, 14
- Sigismund of Poland, 11
- Silfverkrona (*see Spiring*, Peter)
- Sille, Nicasijs de, 118, 125
- Skoldpadde Kill, 110
- Sküte, Lieut. Sven, 50; demolishes Dutch house, 71; 100, 105; 108;



- Sküte, Lieut. (*continued*)  
 surrenders Casimir, 121; 134;  
 courtmartialed, 147
- Smidt, Capt. Dirck, 118, 134
- South Company, organized, 11;  
 its prospectus, 11; campaign  
 for capital, 12; failure of, 13;  
 merges with Ship Co., 14, 45
- Spain, 9
- Spiring, Peter, 16, 17, 45
- States-General, charters W. I.  
 Co., 10
- Stettin, 6
- Stidden, Timon, 57, 59, 75, 77
- Stille, Olof, 135
- Stuyvesant, Gov. Pieter, comes to  
 Manhattan, 68; authorizes  
 Dutch trade on River, 69;  
 sends embassy to River, 70;  
 sends warship, 81; leads ex-  
 pedition to River, 81, 82;  
 builds Fort Casimir, 83; seizes  
*Gyllene Haj*, 111; instruc-  
 tions concerning Casimir,  
 114; prepares war on Swedes,  
 116; fleet enters River, 117;  
 demands surrender, 118; takes  
 Casimir, 121; besieges Chris-  
 tina, 125; ravages colony, 126;  
 offers its return, 128; returns  
 to Manhattan, 147; replies to  
 Rising, 148
- Sweden, in XVII Century, 2;  
 commerce, 9; laws and liter-  
 ature, 3; wars, 3-4; enters  
 Thirty Years' War, 4; army  
 of, 5; military successes, 4-7;  
 truce with Poland, 4
- Swensson, Jacob, 134
- Symonssen, Michel, 18
- Texel, the, 18, 36
- Thickpenny, John, 57
- Thirty Years' War, 4
- Tienhoven, Adriaen van, 79, 105,  
 107
- Tilly, Count, 6, 7
- Timber Island, 138
- Tinicum Island, 50; fort burnt, 66,  
 87; court at, 113
- Tinnekonck (*see* Tinicum)
- Tomquncke, 41
- Torkillus, Rev. Reorus, 36, 45, 48,  
 54, 142
- Turner, Capt. Nathaniel, 41, 60
- Ulm, 7
- Unalachtigo Indians, 27
- Unami Indians, 27
- Upland, 51, 56
- Usselinx, Willem, plans West In-  
 dia Co., 10; his career, 9-15;  
 interests Gustavus Adolphus,  
 11; organizes South Co., 12;  
 joins New South Co., 14; final  
 years, 14
- Varcken's Kill; English colony at,  
 42; 49, 51, 52, 55, 58, 59, 62
- Verstraten, Lieut. Dirck, 118, 125
- Vliet, Capt. Cornelis van, 36
- Vries, Capt. David Pieterssen de,  
*quoted*, 48
- Waeter, Jan Hindrickson van de,  
 18
- Wallenstein, 6, 7
- Wassenaer, *quoted*, 25, 27
- West India Co. (Dutch), planned,  
 10; chartered, 10
- Weymouth, 101
- Wilmington, 19
- Winthrop, Gov., 60, 62
- Woollen, John, 57-58, 60





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